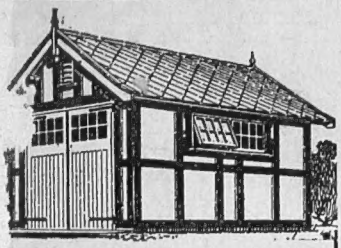

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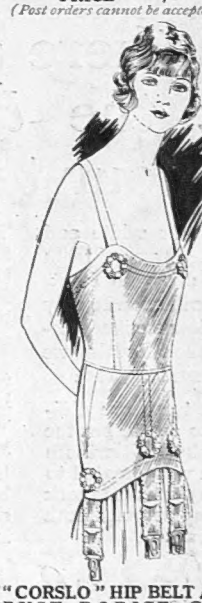

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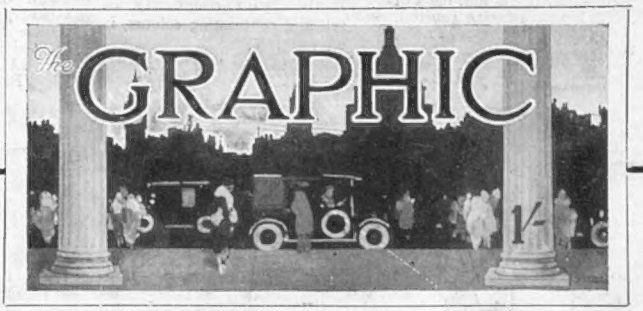

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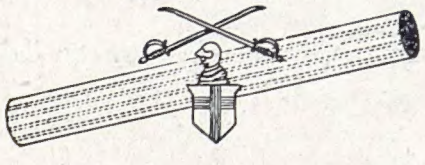

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AND WEMBLEY EXHIBITION (PALACE OF INDUSTRY)

The Bystander, July 2, 1924

No. 1074. Vol. LXXXIII.

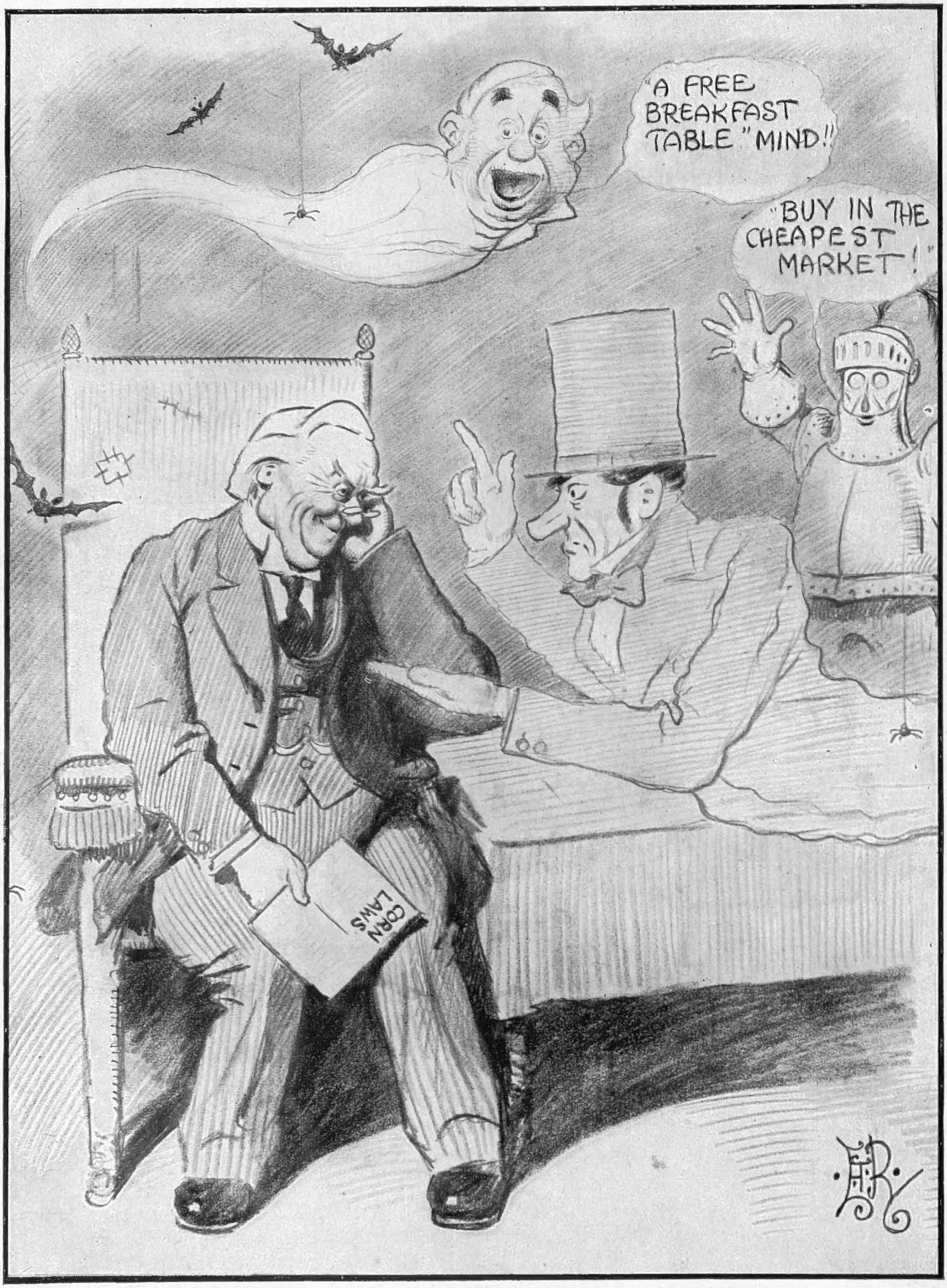
The BYSTANDER

Photograph *Compton Collier*

THE VISCOUNT AND VISCOUNTESS FOLKESTONE

On the terrace at Babraham Hall, the Cambridge residence of Lady Folkestone's father, Mr. C. R. W. Adeane. Lord Folkestone is the Earl of Radnor's eldest son

A Spiritual Home



BY E. T. REED

MR. ASQUITH COMMUNES WITH THE GHOSTS OF THE PAST—AS USUAL

["*In the ancestral home in which the Liberals seem bent on immuring themselves with the ghosts and traditions of the past.*"—"A Student of Politics" in the *Sunday Times*.]

'ALL THE WORLDS A STAGE'

'NOT SAFE FOR A BOAT TO GO ON THE THAMES UNTIL THE LONGEST DAY HAD PASSED'

A Dwindling Pageant

APPARENTLY, in this England of ours, you can't have quantity *and* quality. Before the summer had really come the days had commenced to shorten, and we are now faced with that melancholy thing—a dwindling pageant of sunny hours. It is enough to make a sundial go out of the business and become a rain gauge.

Points for Posterity

To give succeeding generations some idea of this summer that is passing, let the simple fact be placed on record that it was not safe for a boat to go on the Thames until the longest day had passed. And let us state further that no game of tennis was possible until the evenings had begun to draw in. Why can't we extend the scope of summer-time, so that the fine days may also be the long days? It shouldn't be difficult. Will some Bystander please think out a plan?

The Foul with the Fair

THE speech of a chairman at an annual meeting does not usually call for comment in these columns, but Mr. Alfred Salmon's unconventional address to Messrs. Lyons and Company's shareholders proved interesting out of the ordinary. We all know that Messrs. Lyons are popularly supposed to be making untold millions out of their catering contract at Wembley, and some of us know that this cannot very well be the case. Mr. Salmon put the case in a nutshell when he said that the greatest commissariat officer of whom we have any record met emergencies by calling down manna from Heaven, but, unfortunately, those resources are not now available to us. If Messrs. Lyons knew that the day would be fine and that the 150,000 mark would be reached, they would probably make their fabled millions, but when they have to take the foul with the fair, the wastage must be enormous. Catering must be rather like horse-racing—it would be splendid if you could read the evening paper at ten o'clock in the morning.

More Control!

PITY the poor gipsies. For generations they have wandered happily over the face of the world, pitching their tent where and when they listed. They have been the envy of city men and the despair of doctors. They toil not and neither do they pay income tax. And now the eagle eye of the Medical Officer of Health for the Wembley Urban District Council has fallen upon them—the nose of the M.O.H. to the U.D.C. has smelled them, and they are dismissed as a dirty and immoral race that should be controlled.

'THE DESPAIR OF DOCTORS'

Pure Moonshine

EVIDENTLY the Wembley Medical Officer has read his George Borrow, for he says: "The good word these people receive in song and fiction is pure moonshine," and he goes on to press home the fact that gipsies are "thieves and evil livers; the women go out to sell and beg; the men are for the most part idle and drunken." This is a terrible indictment, and I hope that some of our literary tramps, like Mr. Bart Kennedy or Mr. W. H. Davies, will break a sword with the M.O.H. of the Wembley U.D.C.

A Simple Solution

SHOULD a wife bob her hair without the consent of her husband? Solomon escaped a poser of that sort by living before the bobbing craze set in, unless we take the case of Samson as evidence that there really is nothing new under the sun. But what would Solomon say if confronted with this modern problem? I'm no Solomon, but I suggest that the solution is simple. A wife has just as much right to

(Continued on page 13)

'THE DISGRUNTLED MALE HAS THE REMEDY IN HIS OWN HANDS'

'TAUGHT TO REGISTER THE PECULIAR TYPE OF WILDNESS DEAR TO THE HEART OF MR MAXTON, M.P.'

'GIRLS THEY TURN ROUND TO LOOK AT'

ENTERTAINMENTS.

COLISEUM. (Ger. 7540) 2.30 & 7.45 THE CANSINOS in a Fantasia, MR. & MISS TREE in "Mystery," FISK UNIVERSITY JUBILEE SINGERS, MORRIS HARVEY & CO., FRED LINDSAY, EBON STRANDIN, Etc.

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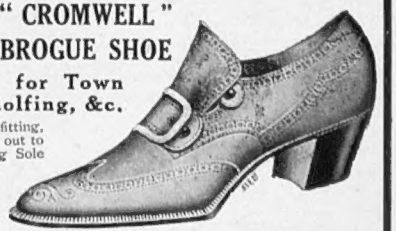
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bob her hair as a husband has to grow a beard. From which it would appear that the disgruntled male has the remedy in his own hands.

These Hypocrites

But, let it be whispered, I don't trust these husbands who bar bobbing. They don't object to bobbing in the abstract. Other wives may bob till they are blue in the face and bald on the neck, but they won't raise a squeak of protest. The girls they turn round to look at, the girls they smile at in lifts and the girls they stand up for in tubes are always bobbed. Always! I've been collecting statistics for months past, and, believe me, I know what I am talking about. These hypocrites are afraid that other men will turn to look at *their* wives; smile at *their* wives in lifts and stand up for *their* wives in tubes. And, being jealous curmudgeons at heart, they profess a conscientious objection that they do not feel. Thank heaven, I have been able to expose them in time.

During the Dead Hours

The all-conquering cabaret goes on from strength to strength, and the brightest show that I have seen for a long time is provided by the Five O'Clock Follies at the New Princes'. This tea-time Pierrot show is a delightful innovation, and helps to brighten the dead hours between four and six o'clock, when visitors to London are in the habit of wondering how to pass the time until dinner. Archibald de Bear is writing theatrical history just now, and the Five O'Clock Follies provide his brightest page.

By Blam

"CUTTING THE PAINTER!"

Wild and Determined

Mr. Maxton, the wild and determined M.P. for Bridgeton, has been urging his followers to be more wild and determined, and to justify the desperate things that he says about them in the House of Commons. They cannot hope, of course, to be as wild and determined as Mr. Maxton, but they might, at least, be as like him as they're able to be. May I suggest that a batch of Clyde extremists should be sent to a cinema school, that they may be taught to "register" the peculiar type of wildness dear to the heart of Mr. Maxton, M.P.?

A Real Hymn of Hate

The procedure would be quite simple. Mr. Maxton should first commission the writing of a *real* hymn of hate, which, for a consideration, I should be quite pleased to supply. That innocuous ditty, "The Red Flag," has seen its day, and something much more deadly is called for. The candidates for Mr. Maxton's Bold and Bad Brigade would be taught to sing it by numbers, curling their upper lips, drawing air through their teeth with a hard, hissing sound, and spitting on the Union Jack between the verses. By such means the workers of the Clyde would really convince themselves that they are wild and determined followers of that wild and determined man —J. Maxton, M.P.

A Wicked Farce

Now that the Board of Trade has appointed a committee to strengthen the Bankruptcy Laws, we may see an end of that curious phenomenon, the prosperous bankrupt who spends his days in the best hotels on the south side of the Strand. But for the laws of libel—"the greater the truth, the greater the libel"—I could print a most intriguing list of famous "failures" who are better dressed and better fed than any industrious "successes" of my acquaintance.

"The Truth at Last"

Everybody is reading the Hawtrey book, *The Truth at Last*, and everybody is feeling again the chill sense of loss that we all felt when word of the death of "dear old Charlie" was first whispered round the West End. The book is a revelation to those who did not know him, and a confirmation to those who did. It will surprise the ordinary playgoer to learn that a man's talents could lie so definitely in one direction and his enthusiasms in another. I don't think Hawtrey ever quite forgave the theatre for keeping him in town on matinée days, when he might have been at Gatwick or Sandown.

Perfection Point

And yet he was the greatest master of his craft during the major portion of his career. Can it be that theatrical enthusiasms are not essential to success upon the stage, or was Hawtrey merely the exception that proved the rule? I am inclined to think that the actor's profession is the one walk of life in which a cold and detached outlook is an undoubted asset in the endless struggle for perfection. If the creator of Ambrose Applejohn had loved the stage as he loved the race-course, his enthusiasms might have led him sadly astray. Theatrical enthusiasms are apt to warp theatrical judgment, and Hawtrey's unemotional judgment reached and remained at perfection point.

No Happy Chance

How many people who met him casually in social circles will believe that he was a martinet upon the stage; that his productions moved like clockwork, and that he kept his appointments to the second? It was no happy chance that placed more successes to his credit than fell to the lot of any of his contemporaries. Many young men who loaf carelessly through congenial parts may imagine themselves to be Hawtreys in embryo, but what a shock they will get when they try to step into his shoes. His fame will grow with the years, and his place will never be adequately filled.

WHO, WHEN & WHERE

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

A Week of Gaieties

WHAT odd things find their way into some newspapers! One writer gravely informed us that this year Ascot "will not mark the end of the season," but that would-be hostesses "will have to hurry up" if they want to give dances. The statement and the advice are quite diverting, aren't they, when you remember there is still nearly the final month of the season to run!

What a week last week was! Amateur rodeoing at Wembley was easy work in comparison. There, at any rate, your labours were ended with the first toss, but to your Bystander and hundreds of other people the social labours went on and on, and on again after that.

First, there was the Horse Show at Olympia, with Italy, in the person of Count Borsarelli, winning the King's Cup on the afternoon the King and Queen, and the King and Queen of Denmark made their visit. Then there was the Theatrical Garden Party at Chelsea, which was most amusing. But what odd clothes some of our leading stage ladies wear in private life! No ordinary dressmaker can perpetrate them. She would never get another order from a non-stage customer if she did.

The Garden Party at Buckingham Palace on Wednesday made thin attendances at Wimbledon and at Olympia.

Photograph *I. B.*

LADY CARNWATH

Photograph *Central Press*

THE ROYAL GARDEN PARTY AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE

The first garden party given by their Majesties the King and Queen this season was blessed with splendid weather. The bright dresses of the women, the uniforms, and the gorgeous apparel of the Eastern visitors lent a pleasing touch of colour to the lawns of the Palace

It was the biggest on record, all the Overseas people here for the Wembley Exhibition and on various missions, being included in the very liberal invitation list. It was one of the biggest representative gatherings of all parts of the Empire that I have ever seen.

Photograph *Sport and General*

CAPTAIN R. TERRELL, M.P., AND MRS. TERRELL

Photograph *L.N.A.*

HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN GREETING A GUEST

In old days our Dominion brothers used to complain that we were cold and inhospitable. This year, like English folk staying in America, they find our hospitality almost overpowering. Every afternoon and evening somebody or other gives a party to "meet our Overseas visitors." I've given up counting how many of these parties I have been to, how many I am going to. All I can say is that the Overseas people one meets at these gatherings are delightful and interesting. They have a chivalrous attachment to the Monarchy—the attachment all loyal Englishmen have, but can't express. The Overseas folk do express it. They say straight out what we feel but never say, because we are afraid of being thought snobbish. And

Photograph *Central Press*

HIS MAJESTY THE KING WITH MR. AND MRS. ASQUITH

in these days with Socialism, and all the other "isms" it breeds, stalking about the land, it is refreshing and comforting to hear these expressions of loyalty.

Crowns and Princely Coronets

LONDON has positively bristled with foreign royalties this season. The King and Queen of Denmark were followed by their cousin, Prince Viggo, and his American Princess. In addition to all the members of the Greek Royal Family already here, Prince and Princess Nicholas have arrived. This is the brother of King Constantine whom the late Monarch's secretary has publicly accused of being an unwise counsellor both to his master and the present ex-King George. Prince and Princess Paul of Serbia are likewise here, the Crown Prince and Crown Princess of Roumania are on their way, and Prince William of Sweden has just left. Later, it is said, the Queen of Spain is coming to stay with Princess Beatrice at Kensington Palace.

Two Devoted Servants

THE deaths of Sir Dighton Probyn and Sir Harry Legge within a day or two of each other removes two of the most devoted servants of the Royal Family. Without a break from the time when, as a young soldier in India, he first attracted the attention of King Edward, Sir Dighton Probyn served his late Majesty and Queen Alexandra for fifty-two years, a record of devotion. Sir Harry Legge, Lord Dartmouth's younger brother, was Paymaster of the King's Household until about four years ago, and an intimate friend of the King and Queen.

Our Royal Family certainly inspires and holds the devotion of its servants in an unusual degree. If you look through the Court news in old newspapers you will see the same people year after year in attendance on Queen Victoria. It was the same with King Edward and Queen Alexandra, and history repeats itself with King George and Queen Mary. There are still members of their household with them who were appointed when their Majesties started housekeeping in York House thirty-two years ago.

Photograph *Keystone*

LADY MORVYTH BENSON (left) AND LADY LLOYD

Photograph *Sport and General*

THE HON. MRS. ARTHUR HOWARD

The Olympic Games

THERE will be a rush to Paris this week for the Olympic Games. The Prince of Wales and Prince Henry are going, and the Paris season, which usually closes very soon after the Grand Prix, will, it is thought, be continued longer in consequence. Crowds of visitors are expected, and the Parisian hotel-keepers are looking forward to sharing the harvest that has fallen upon their London fellows.

The László Exhibition

A LARGE number of people looked in at Mr. de László's exhibition of portraits at the French Gallery on their way to the Garden Party at Buckingham Palace last Wednesday. And a most interesting exhibition it is. There were knots of people

ENGLAND IN THE ARENA

The Prince of Wales congratulating the British Army team which won his Cup at Olympia last week for the third time, the trophy thus becoming the property of the winners. The members of the winning team were Colonel G. F. H. Brooke, Captain E. B. de Fonblanque and Lieutenant C. H. M. Brunker

before the portraits of the Queen of Roumania and the Pope. Queen Marie is a superb figure in a high crown of emeralds and diamonds, with chains of diamonds under her chin—the effective and dazzling head-dress she wore at the Court Ball during the Roumanian visit.

To your Bystander's thinking, the most charming portrait in the room is that of Lady Davson, the wife of Sir Edward Davson, and daughter of Mrs. Elinor Glyn. It is one of Mr. de László's happiest efforts. But there is something strained and affected in the manner in which Lady Chaplin and Mrs. Esmond Harmsworth are both holding their ropes of pearls.

"A Pelican in Her Piety"

THE marriage in Paris last week of Lord Doune, the eldest son of the Earl of Moray, recalls to one's recollection an unusual arrangement in the Moray family. The last three Earls were brothers—the present Earl being the seventeenth holder of the title. The fifteenth Earl assumed the name and arms of Gray when he succeeded to the Gray and Kinfauns estates seventeen years before he became Earl of Moray. With the assumption of the coronet he relinquished the name and arms of Gray, which were taken by his next brother, his heir. When that brother became the sixteenth Earl the arrangement was repeated, the name and arms being assumed by the present Earl, who, in his turn, relinquished them on his own succession.

The fifteenth Earl of Moray made a proviso in his will which roused much speculation at the time as to its legality. On condition that she spent the greater part of the year in Scotland—nine or ten months, I think—he left his widow an income of something like £13,000 a year, which was to be reduced to a pittance unless she filled in the prescribed time north of the Tweed.

Lady Moray herself never questioned the legality of her husband's proviso, which she said arose from his wish that the Moray money should be spent in Scotland. She made herself very happy—and, incidentally, a great many other people, too—at a big house in Edinburgh, and at Tarbat, in Ross-shire, which she rented for many years from the Countess of Cromartie.

The Moray crest is a pelican sitting on its nest. It is heraldically described as "A pelican in her piety proper!"

Photograph W. A. Rouch

ITALY'S WINNING WAY

Captain Count Borsarelli, the winner of the King George V Gold Cup at the International Horse Show at Olympia, with his responsive friend, "Don Chisciotte." Out of an entry list of more than a hundred competitors, Count Borsarelli was the only rider to do the round without a fault

An Eye to the Future

I WONDER if any of you can tell me which version is correct of the old saying, "Where the rosemary grows in the garden the wife rules in the house." That is the version I have always heard, but last week at a country-house party several people maintained that the boot was on the other leg—"When the rosemary grows in the garden the husband rules in the house."

Photograph G. P. U.

ROYAL VISITORS TO WEMBLEY

Their Majesties the King and Queen of Denmark, who paid a private visit to our own King and Queen last week, photographed at the British Empire Exhibition

The discussion reminded one of the company of an incident that once happened in Devonshire. He had an old friend in those parts who had a passion for collecting sayings and proverbs regarding herbs and flowers. She painted these on pieces of wood, which were stuck in the ground in front of the plants in place of the usual gardeners' labels.

Turning over an old herbal one day at the London Library he lighted upon the following:—

> Who passeth by the Rosemarye
> Nor heeds to pull a spray;
> No share hath he of Woman's love,
> Nor shall he have, for aye.

He sent it to his friend. She painted it immediately on a piece of wood and

Photograph *Adrian Harding*

SET IN SUNSHINE

A picturesque Godalming wedding in last week's sunny weather. The bridegroom is Mr. Edward Chadwyck-Healey, M.C., elder son of Sir Gerald and Lady Chadwyck-Healey, of Wyphurst, Cranleigh; his bride is Margaret, younger daughter of Captain and Mrs. L. C. W. Phillips of Unsted Park, Godalming

placed it before a rosemary bush of which she was particularly proud because it was one of the biggest in all Devonshire.

Now, it chanced that soon afterwards the Fleet came into Tor Bay, and the lady having a midshipman nephew on one of the ships invited him and all his brother middies to tea. They spent a happy and well-fed afternoon, but when they had gone their hostess was entreated to come into the garden by a distracted gardener.

"Look!" he cried, pointing to the rosemary bush, "Who'd have believed it?"

The rosemary bush was a skeleton. Every single leaf had been stripped from it!

"Some of them young Turks took 'andfuls," wailed the gardener, "an' when I told 'em to stop it, they said they was making sure of the future whilst they 'ad the chance!"

The Point of View

THERE is an admirable organisation working in the poorer quarters of London of which most people have never heard. It is called the Infant Welfare Association. On stated afternoons poor mothers can take their babies to the centre of the Association in their particular neighbourhood and there are given medical advice by a doctor, and motherly advice by a matron.

Voluntary helpers, drawn from all ranks of society, help the mothers to undress and weigh the babies and give the matron any assistance she needs. At one of these Infant Welfare centres a Countess is a regular worker. One day, recently, she was discussing the exorbitant charges of laundries nowadays with a fellow-worker in the hearing of several of the mothers.

"Lor!" said one of them, when the two helpers had moved away, "did you 'ear 'er about the laundry? And 'er a Countess! Blime, if I was a Countess I'd never 'ave no washing done at all! I'd put on new every time!"

Photograph *L. N. A.*

ASSCOT!

The Aga Henson and Mr. T. O. P. Atty Grossmith proudly leading in the winner, (Miss) Elliott up, in the Winter Garden Derby at last week's Theatrical Garden Perty at Chelsea

Photograph *Keystone*

BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM

Lord Dalmeny, Lord Rosebery's son and heir, and his bride, Eve, Lady Belper, leaving Prince's Row Register Office after their marriage last week

Rheims Cathedral

A *thé dansant* is to be given on Wednesday, July 9, at the Hyde Park Club for the benefit of the British Empire Fund for the restoration of Rheims Cathedral, which will close shortly afterwards. Two books, *The Golden Roll* and *The Book of Life*, are to be deposited in Rheims Cathedral as a perpetual record of those who have subscribed to the fund, and as a perpetual memorial of those who gave their lives in the War. These books, which are magnificent specimens of the bookbinder and illuminator's arts,

Photograph *Hay Wrightson*

MISS KATHLEEN VEREKER

Lady Jellicoe's niece, presented by her mother

Photograph *Hay Wrightson*

MRS. TELFER-SMOLLETT

The wife of Major A. P. Telfer-Smollett, D.S.O.

Photograph *Bacon*

MISS URSULA HALL

Presented by her mother, Mrs. Reginald Hall

SOME OF THOSE WHO ATTENDED THEIR MAJESTIES' COURT LAST WEEK

Photograph *Hay Wrightson*

LADY DUNEDIN

Photograph *Bassano*

LADY WEIR

are on view at Messrs. Bumpus' bookshop, 350 Oxford Street. When the fund closes the two books will be taken to Rheims and presented to the Archbishop, who will place them in the Cathedral. Tickets for the *thé dansant*, at which the Duchess of Portland will receive the guests, may be had from Mrs. Aubrey Le Blond, 134 Whitehall Court, S.W.1. They are half a guinea each.

Photograph *Bassano*

LADY BASING AND MRS. MERVYN WINGFIELD

Lady Basing was presented on her marriage by her sister, Mrs. Wingfield

'In Friendship's Name"

I QUOTE this announcement from the *Times* because I have no recollection of a parallel tribute to a friend. "The dance at the Speaker's House on July 11, for which Mrs. Whitley had sent out invitations, is cancelled, owing to the death on Mount Everest of Mr. A. C. Irvine, who was a close personal friend of a large number of the guests invited."

Myself, I find this announcement profoundly touching. Most of us love our friends much more than we love our relations, but we never give our friends half the respect of mourning that convention ordains for relations.

Wasn't it Chateaubriand who wrote these lines about a ghastly tragedy which happened within an hour of a ball at the French Embassy in Brussels when a charming young girl called Constance was burnt to death through her dress catching fire whilst she was dressing for the ball:

> On disait, "Pauvre Constance!"
> Mais on dansait jusqu'au jour
> Chez l'Ambassadeur de France.

This is rather our attitude, isn't it? We say, "Poor John," or "Poor Mary," and dance anywhere. The Speaker and Mrs. Whitley have set us an example "in friendship's name."

For the Westminster Hospital

A DELIGHTFUL concert, in aid of the Westminster Hospital, was arranged by Mrs. Harrison Hughes, at her house in Queen Anne's Gate, last Wednesday afternoon, and was attended by many music lovers and well-wishers of the Westminster Hospital. It lasted exactly an hour and a quarter, a notable hour and a quarter because Mr. John McCormack, Madame Suggia, Lady Tree, and M. Henri Deering provided the programme—names which are sufficient guarantee of the excellence of the fare.

Royal Visitors at Olympia

Photograph **IN THE ROYAL BOX** *Sport and General*

The King and Queen of England and the King and Queen of Denmark at the Gala Performance of the International Horse Show at Olympia last week.

Photograph **THE CYNOSURE OF ALL EYES** *Parbery*

One of the competitors in the competition for the King's Gold Cup taking the wall jump. This year the trophy went to Italy for the second time, having been won by Captain Count Borsarelli on Don Chisciotte, the horse he rode last year

Motley Musings

Now that the Rodeo sensation has subsided, future promoters of these shows should remember the adjuration, "If you have steers, prepare to shed them now."

. . . . . .

Ladies' fashions are fickle and transitory things: buck-jumpers have completely disappeared.

. . . . . .

It may be a difficult matter to down a bronk, but any flapper will soon show you how to lower a bronx.

. . . . . .

Mr. Alderman Dennis, the potato king, who started as a labourer at twelve shillings a week, has left a large fortune.

We may have the poetic afflatus,
Yet the public, alas! underrate us:
Far better for us
To forsake Pegasus,
And go in for growing pertatus!

. . . . . .

There is a discussion in a contemporary as to which is the finest sentence in the English language. The finest sentence we know is one of three months recently imposed upon a drunken road-hog.

. . . . . .

And yet at the end of a tiring day the simple, "What's yours?" is hard to beat.

. . . . . .

A Mr. Kitten of New York has written an elaborate appreciation of Mr. Nelson Keys. This kitten on the keys stunt is being overdone.

. . . . . .

The spell of hot weather has caused certain scientists to admit that, after all, the sun may not be a solar myth.

The Millennium
(*After R.K.*)

When Earth's last buses stop running
and the Tubes are rusty and shut,
When the oldest of countries is ruined
and the youngest of all gone phut,
We shall rest, and, faith, we shall have
to (there being no work to do),
Till the master shall say to his workmen,
"Well, what'll ye do the noo?"

2

Then they that are Good for Nothing,
they shall go the whole hog (pro temo);
They shall make a splash with the boodle
that doesn't belong to them:
They shall find new pensions to draw on.
Peter shall batten on Paul:
They shall shirk each job that is offered,
and simply do nothing at all!

3

And only Dame Astor shall praise us;
and only Dame Astor shall blame;
And no one shall work for his living,
and everyone share the same;
And each for the joy of the shirking, and
each in a private bar,
Shall draw the dole as he gets it, and
wallow upon Three Star!

. . . . . .

Miss Eagels, who recently defied our immigration officials, has abruptly returned to America. It is difficult to understand the way of an Eagels.

By Rick Elmes

THOSE BEDTIME STORIES

"Say," exclaimed the New Yorker, "if we had any trouble with your little island, our fleet would come and tow yours back into lil' ol' Noo York harbour."

"It's conceivable," agreed the Londoner, "but if that happened, it would take a dam sight cleverer man than Columbus to discover America afterwards."

. . . . . .

Last week a van in a newspaper train to Brighton caught fire and was gutted. For once, Brighton got the news red-hot.

. . . . . .

"He dines you and wines you well," remarked one clubman to another, "but I simply hate his Garden of Eden cigars."

"Why do you call 'em that?" queried his friend.

"Simply because when you've 'ad 'em you 'eave!"

. . . . . .

A statistician asserts that the majority of people who commit suicide die intestate.

Weep o'er their biers. Their sad careers
Make their relations grieve:
They neither have the will to live,
Nor any will to leave!

. . . . . .

And talking about wills, Helen will certainly leave a lot of friends behind.

. . . . . .

The stern parent had caught the young man deliberately embracing his daughter

"Where's the harm?" protested the love-sick swain.

"The harm," retorted the father, heavily, "is round my daughter's waist!"

. . . . . .

To-day's pious wish:

From Clyde-side cackle, monstr'-ingens-horrendous,
Angels (and Ministers) of grace, defend us!

. . . . . .

"I'll give you five pounds on account," he informed his creditor.

"And owe the difference to me!" sighed the latter, remembering his Wordsworth.

. . . . . .

Newbury racegoers are painfully remembering that there's many a slip 'twixt the Cup and the tip.

. . . . . .

Isle of Wight yachting enthusiasts are already preparing for their festival. No wonder. Ours is a nice Cowes, ours is.

HARTLEY CARRICK

A High Court Ruling

BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

The only really reliable way to test the correctness of the angles of your new lawn tennis court

LONDON LIFE AT DRURY LANE

Produced June 3, 1924

By "JINGLE" *Illustrated by MACMICHAEL*

HENRY AINLEY AS BLACKSHAW
HELEN SPENCER AS DORIS

ONE of the theories of the "Dismal Science" is, I believe, that industry can sometimes suffer from over-production. I think that is what is the matter with this play. It has been over-produced. The consequence is that the story is told in a fragmentary way, as if it were necessarily subordinate to the scenic effects. Instead of a homely tale of a train accident, an escaped convict or so, and a shipwreck or two, we have scattered scenes in the life of a country solicitor who rises by leaps and bounds to a seat in the Cabinet. He goes up like a rocket, and it seems only inevitable that he should come down like the stick. We begin with a scene of Simon Blackshaw's office in the Five Towns. Simon is tired of country practice and yearns for London Life with all its wonderful opportunities. It has been well said that contentment is the first sign of decay; and Simon's discontent with his surroundings is therefore a wholesome sign.

ALTHOUGH Simon appears to be a prominent solicitor with a large practice, his accent is terribly provincial, and his respect for the ideals of the late Mr. Lindley Murray is not always complete. He has had an offer to join a leading firm of solicitors in London, and after consulting his wife he decides to accept the offer, nicely confident that in a very short time he will be the tail that wags the dog. After that, he will try and find out what his political principles are (if any), and will cast his eyes towards Parliament itself.

THE ordinary playgoer will naturally expect the second act to be a continuance of the story in our next, as it were. But that apparently is not to be the modern way of the drama. We are in the Courtyard of the White Horse Inn at Ipswich where Howard Nathan, a young and optimistic Hebrew financier, is trying to sell a motor-car to a man from Aberdeen. Our comic papers have long since prepared us for some Titanic bargaining in the case of two so completely matched types of the perfect man of business. When the transaction has been completed, with honours about easy, we are invited to consider the interesting case of Miss Georgie Dream, who is a not very successful soubrette on the "Halls." This part is most delightfully played by Miss Olive Sloane, and it is one of the gems of the piece. The soubrette has looked in at the White Horse for a biscuit and a glass of sherry, and when she is asked for the money at the conclusion of the entertainment, she protests that she cannot pay because her purse has been stolen. My acquaintance with country inns is limited, I admit, but my experience is that I have always been expected to put my money down before consuming my refreshments at the bar. Perhaps, however, my personal appearance does not inspire the confidence enjoyed by a dainty little provincial music-hall artist.

THE heartless barman is for going out to fetch a policeman who would probably regard a "case" in such beatific surroundings as a windfall from Heaven. But Howard Nathan, with a nice eye for Beauty in distress, steps forward and pays away a good half-crown in full discharge of Beauty's liability. Presuming on this act of grace, he opens up conversation with Georgie who tells him pathetically that she appeared at the local music-hall the previous evening and got the—Bird. "Every feather of it!" Nathan is kind and sympathetic, and Georgie giggles her gratitude, from which the worldly-wise will infer that this is not to be their first and last meeting. Georgie wants just a chance to appear in London where she is confident she can make good: while Nathan is equally anxious to settle in the great metropolis, where he doubtless hopes to join the ranks of the benevolent people who are singularly eager to lend you anything up to ten thousand pounds on your note of hand alone.

GEORGIE DREAM
OLIVE SLOANE
FRANK COCHRANE AS HOWARD NATHAN

DIAGRAM ILLUSTRATING THE PROGRESS OF HOWARD NATHAN
(FRANK COCHRANE)

HENRY VIBART AS HOLYOKE

THEN the scene changes to a country drawing-room in Essex, and we are

popular London star. Sir Howard Nathan (he appears to have been knighted for his services to Mammon) is taking her out to tea, and her delicious and natural frankness is the redeeming feature of a rather tiresome scene. Incidentally, I noticed that Georgie, in giving the usual periodical attention to her complexion, seemed to be using the pocket mirror we had seen in her fair hands at the White Horse eleven years previously. I do not speak of these things of my own knowledge, but I have been told, and do conscientiously believe, that the outfits of vanity bags do not always enjoy this agreeable longevity.

pleased to meet Mrs. Oppletree. She is the wife of Captain Oppletree who has borrowed money from Nathan which he is unable to repay. The original loan was for eight hundred pounds, but the liability has grown in the course of a few months to fourteen hundred pounds, chiefly because Mr. Nathan wants the money. Then Simon Blackshaw suddenly butts into the scene, and we have to pause a moment to remember where we have met him before. Of course! He is the hero of the play. We had almost forgotten him. The hero has just looked in to show that he is smart enough lawyer to be able to outwit a very sharp financier. The scene also serves to hint to us that Mrs. Oppletree, a young and charming woman, is very obviously taking a great interest in the rising solicitor, and the usual developments may be confidently expected later on.

SIMON BLACKSHAW then has quite an innings in the story. He has made a speech which causes the Government to resign, and he gets the job of Colonial Secretary, largely as the result of petticoat influence. But Simon finds that he cannot easily maintain his new estate on a Minister's salary, and his friend Sir Howard Nathan puts him on to a little flutter in coal mines, out of which he nets a profit of some forty thousand pounds. Simon is just giggling at his good luck when the fly in the ointment gives an extra kick, and rears up, as it were, on its hind feet. The Government are bringing in a bill for extending the use of coal, and foreknowledge of their intention has resulted in making many people rich. Simon knew nothing of the new Bill, but the dismal fact remains that he is a Cabinet Minister and has made a bit out of it, and must either disgorge or resign. The public will stand anything but the simple truth from a politician. This incident is, of course, an excerpt from the political history of our own times.

RESIGNATION is delayed by a rather disquieting scene in which Lord Plinlimmon, a middle-aged *roué*, offers to suppress Simon's name in all reports relating to the coal transaction if Simon will consent to his marriage with the young and lovely Doris Blackshaw. It is pleasant to find that Simon will not buy his coveted political advancement at such a sorry price. In the third act, there is an extraordinarily beautiful scene in the gardens of Sir Howard Nathan's house at Coombe, where, amid a mass of subdued colour, a quaint ballet is performed for the delight of the guests. I do not remember to have seen on the stage before anything quite so beautiful, or in such perfect taste. Mr. Henry Ainley as Simon is hardly given a fair chance to develop his part. Mr. Frank Cochrane as the Hebrew financier presents an agreeably humorous, and not unkindly, portrait of this class of public benefactor. But I think a little less production and a little more drama would be more to the taste of the Drury Lane public. JINGLE

THEN eleven years elapse. We are in "a late afternoon in May," and the scene is an amazingly realistic representation of the Terrace of the House of Commons. People are having tea as usual and among the crowd we pick out without difficulty actors made up with cruel precision in resemblance of some of our present Ministers, and at least one noble lord of distinguished political ancestry. But the life and soul of the exalted company is our nice little friend Georgie Dream, translated from the provincial Halls to be a

PEOPLE AT PLAY

THE HIGHWAY ON SUNDAY

By "PENDARVES"

We are all right. Nobody can sniff at us. We are in the "Dickey-Bird." There is no swank about us—there is speed, of course, but not unduly so. I mean we pass anything we want to within reason (you noticed, didn't you, what we did going up Putney Hill, and again on Kingston Hill? In the former case we had no sort of a run, owing to that idiotic policeman at the cross-roads; and on Kingston Hill we passed was it four or five cars?—on top, mind you—and it would have been more only that infernal char-a-banc . . . .), by "within reason" one excludes naturally hog-hubs like the "Hysteric" and the big "Panjandrum"—things like those ought only to be allowed on Brooklands. But other than these, and possibly the "Rollic" (whose chassis alone, mark you, costs about a couple of thousand quid) we can hold our own camber, and be very nicely, thank you.

Ours is one of the 1924 "Steer-Ropers." Why Steer-Roper? W-e-ll, a feller called Roper designed the engine (have you seen the engine? No? Good God! I must show it you in a moment) and Steer—w-e-ll, the steering on this little car, my dear fellow, is an absolute dream of joy—see? . . .

This is somewhat the kind of thought and conversation that ensues when you crawl stiffly out of the "most comfortable dickey of the light car class" at the first halt, generally somewhere in Kingston because George, as usual, has come out with only dust in his tobacco pouch and can't smoke "that filth" which you offer him. Personally you would much rather not uncoil yourself from the dickey seat at the newsagent-and-tobacconist's. You have become wedged into the dickey; both your feet have gone to sleep long ago; and by the aid of a rug, a petrol tin, an oil can and the tool bag you have entrenched yourself against the major hollows of the highway as experienced in the back of the Bird—or any other dickey for that matter.

But, no, you have got to come and peer into the engine, while Mrs. George seeks in a dark interior a two-ounce packet of Dew of Dawn, Coarse Cut, Cavendish. To you it seems like a dozen other throbbing engines you have been induced to lean into, only slightly hotter. You don't say so, for that would proclaim your abysmal ignorance. So you remark on the accessibility of the carburettor, on the pleasurable placing of the magneto (you must be very careful to distinguish between the magneto and the dynamo before embarking upon this sea of eulogy, or George will rather wish he hadn't brought you), and you must end by saying that it is a "jolly good little engineering job." To which the ecstatic owner will reply, as he clamps down her bonnet carefully, "Good engineering job, old man—it's the finest bit of work for the money on the road, believe me." You don't propose for one moment to disbelieve him, as this would mean argument, and in any case, with luck, Mrs. George will have emerged from the dank interior by this time to say that they haven't got Dew of Dawn (she knew they wouldn't have, could have told him so) and that he always used to smoke Oddfellow's Flake, which does not smell *quite* so disgusting, and amid mild, but guarded, protestations from the Owner-Driver, you insinuate yourself amongst the inanimate bodies in the dickey once more.

Personally, I prefer the dickey of the small car, in spite of the sharp edges of the petrol cans, because it is from its wind-swept eminence that you can study the diversity of creatures on the highway on Sunday without restraint or interruption. They are all ecstatic owners, and they all own a "damgood engineering job." In their view there is only one really good and reliable car on the road—theirs. This pride of ownership and ineffable contentment is really rather a beautiful thing. Covetousness is a vice almost unknown on the highway. Have you ever heard a man leaning back nonchalantly at the steering-wheel of an "Elysium" say, on passing or being passed by a "Patrician," "Ah! that is the car *we* ought to be in, dash it all."

If you suggest mildly that the "Patrician" seems a very much better car for the power and tax than the one you are in, he will smile tolerantly at your fatuity, and mutter something about it not being a *bad* car of its kind, but, of course, the trouble about the "Patrician" is its clutch. "Infernal clutch design . . . always been a bother to them . . . wouldn't have one at a gift . . . besides, there is no selling value in a car like that—none . . . oh, no, thank you. Now this car. . . . ."

Another curious phenomenon about the motor-car man is that although he has got the finest bit of car engineering there is, his first thought on buying is whether he can subsequently sell; although if you ask him if he is going to sell at a still subsequent date, he says, "Don't be silly, why should I?"

Whatever people may say who own houses on the highway, they must admit that motoring on Sunday does at any rate bring tranquillity of mind, self-sufficiency and poise to the hundred thousand people who pass their garden gate.

They are all so perfectly poised, these steering-wheel savants and their cargoes of contented loungers. Nothing worries them on the highway on Sunday, except being passed by a lesser breed than theirs.

Watch the ceaseless stream on the Portsmouth road at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m. on Sunday. The poise is perfect. The Ford lorry, with the cover removed on Saturday night, contains father, at the wheel, mother holding baby, the two children (squabbling), the eldest daughter and the young man (not squabbling, yet), Aunt Agatha, the Cook-General and Bonzo the fox-terrier-spaniel. They are not in the least abashed by Lord Archiduke's limousine, the imperious hand of whose chauffeur holds them up at the corner. They are going to picnic in Oxshott Woods in the shop delivery van, and they care not who knows it. The "Red Haiwaian" motor-cycle-pillion-and-side-car, containing, on and about, Jobling in grey flannel bags and goggles, Mrs. Jobling and two small infants, Mrs. Jobling's sister (pillioned and rather liking it) and the lunch strapped on adroitly somewhere or other. They may make "the Hog's Back," or they may not, but they would not change vibrating places for a moment with anyone. The boy and girl in the very-low-on-the-road "Dragon's Blood," which has three wheels, its air-cooled engine at rear, and a big black Felix mascot tied up with blue ribbon collar on the front; they are blissfully oblivious of the Film Star and his latest feminine folly who cannot get by, who is late for lunch at the Nouveau-Richeborough's (owing to the "folly") and says from the walled-in well of his "Buchaneer" saloon, "Curse this monstrosity in front, what does it think it's doing?". And if they heard it the boy and girl would merely smile, the smile of the highway, which is unlike any other smile under heaven.

There is no disputing the fact that the poise of the man at the wheel, of all men at all wheels, is a fearful and wonderful gift. But one day, I suppose, since all things are supposed to come to him who waits long enough, I shall meet a wheelman who says:

"I am thoroughly disillusioned about my car. I believe it's a dud. I was an ass to buy it. The fact is, I ought to have taken proper advice from an expert before I decided on it. I suppose I really know very little about cars, and one buys one's experience . . ."

When I meet that man I shall probably have a stroke. If I recover, I shall buy him a car out of my own pocket. Now I will tell you, in confidence, the car *I* should buy . . . .

[EDITOR.—Thanks, we know.]

BY LUNT ROBERTS

ACCOUNTER ATTRACTION

Customer: "No, I don't like dese. I'd rather have de pattern wid de double cash column"

The "Eyes" Have It

Photograph *Wyndham*

MADEMOISELLE LISETTE MEUNIER

A French film favourite as the midinette in "Follette"

INKLINGS OF EMPIRE

SPICY BREEZES.

Illustrated by HOWARD K. ELCOCK

THE amiable bishop who wrote the missionary hymn should be awarded two marks out of a possible three. That is, he was right about the spicy breezes that blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle, and eminently correct when he stated that every prospect pleases in that pleasant land. Where he went wrong was in asserting that only man is vile, which seems a rather foolishly libellous thing to say. No one in this queer, surprisingly but (on the whole) quite lovable old world of ours is wholly perfect; still less is anyone either in Kandy, Colombo or Camden Town, wholly vile. Perhaps the exigencies of rhyme led the good man astray, but, speaking as the humblest of rhymesters, sooner than rhyme unkindly of a very charming and friendly race of brown-skinned folk, I would write prose. I would even write *vers libre*. No man can say more than that.

"Wild animals inside the doorway"

A glowing green garden fronts the entrance to the towered pavilion—a palace from some Eastern fairy tale, red-tiled, white-pillared, guarded by tall images, gleaming in scarlet and yellow. To right and left are white towers, elaborately domed, which faithfully represent the temple in old Kandy, where that sacred relic, the tooth of the good Gautama, is honoured. Broad steps lead to a noble porchway, on either side of which stretches a shady verandah, dedicated to little tables and cooling drinks. Overhead hangs a curiously quilted canopy, as if the ceiling were made of scores of brightly-coloured eiderdowns.

Inside the doorway stands a group of wild animals—cheetahs and things like that. They are not there to keep you out. Their attitude is one of stuffed benevolence. But it would take more than an angry cheetah (supposing stuffed cheetahs could be angry) to damp my enthusiasm for Ceylon's chief product. Do I mean the fragrant spices that fill the air with a thousand fairy scents? Do I mean her jewels—great moonstones, magical and mysterious? No, sir. I refer to Ceylon's mostwelcome gift—a cup of tea.

Let us be honest. Without being the least felix-footed, we must admit that tea supplies a great and universal human need. (That is why even editors are almost human round about tea-time.) Not that I am a fanatical tea-drinker myself. An early morning cup in bed, a sufficiency at breakfast, a freshly brewed pot after lunch, an elastic tea-time from three-thirty to five—give me this, and I am satisfied. One must be moderate in all things, but . . .

I'd love to hymn the rubied wine,
Rich treasure of the trailing vine,
Or praise the product of Oporto
In stanzas, filling many a quarto;
Or celebrate, in loftier strain,
The golden glories of champagne.
The virtues of good honest beer
Are dear—ofttimes a thought *too* dear;
And some sad souls are rendered happy
By sight of just one wee Scotch drappie,
And few there are who've e'er denied a
Warm corner for the sparkling cider.
Cool vintages from different climes
Bring different joys at different times,
But . . . no man born shall snatch from me
My early morning cup of tea!

I am certain that all good tea-drinkers, when they die, will go to Ceylon. They could select no more appropriate paradise.

"Tea drinker's paradise"

Until I saw the Ceylon rubber exhibit I had the haziest notions about rubber. I am not sure whether I expected to see tennis-balls growing on trees, like coco-nuts, or to go down the motor-tyre mines with a safety lamp. In any case, I was wrong. It appears that in order to get rubber, you have to milk the rubber plant, pretty much as though it were a cow! You make a little cut in the bark—this is where those old safety-razor blades come in handy!—and the liquid rubber comes trickling down, looking rather like condensed milk, into the cup you have conveniently left below. You collect your milk in a pail, strain it and roll it out into a sort of cheese. Then (it seems) you can make anything you like with it, from a lamp-shade to a bath-mat. Well, well!

The Cingalese are a people of deft fingers, and their handicrafts are varied and fascinating. They will plait you a shopping basket or a very *chic* hat; they will carve you a hundred ivory elephants in diminishing sizes. They will perform miracles in leather, in smooth and glossy tortoiseshell, and in the amazing intricacies of filigree work—spider's webs of threaded gold.

But Ceylon, above all, is an island of fragrance. Its gifts are gifts of frankincense and myrrh. Cinnamon, nutmeg, verbena, clove, and mace—these are the pleasing scents that everywhere abound in an island garden of spices. There are many sites of the Garden of Eden, just as our most famous cinema actor has many birth-places, but, from internal evidence (as they say), Ceylon has the strongest claim. Other Gardens of Eden may be dismissed as inferior imitations.

From Adam's Bridge to Adam's Peak
In a fair, flow'r-enchanted isle,
Where'er the traveller may seek,
Beauty his senses will beguile.

The sunlight, like soft golden rain,
Kisses the hilltops, one by one,
And o'er the bright foliage of the plain,
Floats the soft scent of cinnamon.

The glamour of old temples lies
Beside old Kandy's sacred tomb;
A thousand blossoms greet the skies
Where Peradeniya's gardens bloom.

For beauty is not far to seek
'Twixt Adam's Bridge and Adam's Peak.

A. A. THOMSON

Diamond Mines of British Guiana

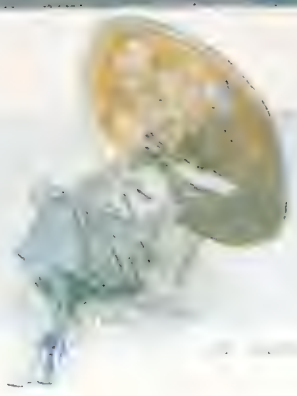
Owing to a misapprehension, the photograph recently published of Diamond Washing was erroneously stated to have been in the West African Section of the British Empire Exhibition. Actually the process is one of the exhibits in the British Guiana Section, where it is rightly given a prominent position worthy of the second most important industry of British Guiana.

A Cursory Remark

BY H. H. HARRIS

GENERAL DUFFITT: "Well, Caddy, what part of my golf do you consider the strongest?"
CADDY: "Your langwidge, sir!"

NOCTURNE D'INDE—A STUDY



Y OF WEMBLEY BY NIGHT

A Paris Arabesque

BY BLAM

"WINDYA"

The clever dancer who has been appearing in the new revue at the Palace Theatre in Paris

PARISIANA. By "René"

ILLUSTRATED BY MARCEL PONCIN

Mes Amis—

One had thought that the Quat'z' Arts Ball ramp had reached its rampiest last year, but it seems that that was an entirely false impression. The prices asked for tickets last June were enough to send one reeling, but this year they were such as to make one turn a double somersault, being twice as high as the extravagant sum that was demanded twelve months ago.

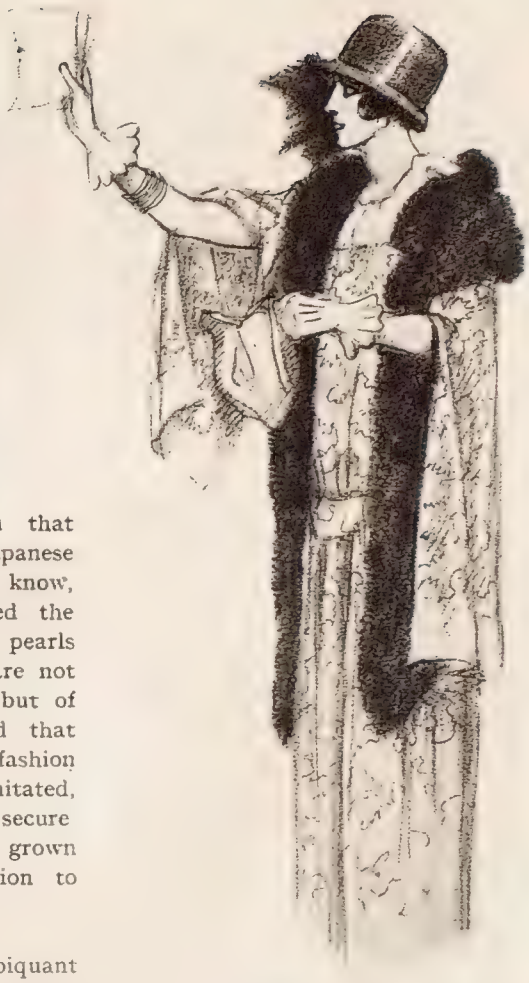
Six hundred francs is the amount which has been asked for an ordinary ticket, which may enable you to arrive as far as the door-keepers, and no further. If you failed to answer his trick questions, framed to prove to his satisfaction whether you are a real student of the arts or only a seeker after *fruits défendus*, your six hundred francs' worth of pasteboard, with its Bacchanalian design, would be wrested from your shaking hands and you would be lucky to be merely thrown out, without the loss of your brilliant costume.

What prices have been offered—and taken — for Committee tickets I fear to inquire, but they are usually five times the figure of the ordinary tickets. With a Committee ticket you are able to stroll loftily into the Quat'z' Arts Ball as if you owned it, and though you may be most markedly an American millionaire off Wall Street, none will bar your way or insist that you shall tell him the exact colour of the beard of the last professor but one at the *atelier*.

This shows how the money-making element of the world's most notorious students' ball has been allowed to develop. For the novelty of seeing a couple of hundred artists' models revelling, emotion-hunters cross the trackless ocean, bearing wads of notes to be delivered to some sharper-witted individual. How they must kick themselves when the illusion has been broken. I suppose the organisers of the ball excuse themselves on the grounds of the exchange rate, like the lady who sells the carrots from the street barrow. Dollar diplomacy, or sterling dishonesty?

Lady "Bystanders," you may take out your rubies, your emeralds, your sapphires, for jewels of colour have come back into fashion. Nobody knows how, or why. It has just happened, like Topsy. There is a suspicion that it is on account of the Japanese pearls, which, as you may know, have recently been accorded the legal right to be accepted as pearls by the French courts. Pearls are not now the privilege of the few, but of the many. It was understood that jewels of colour went out of fashion because they could be easily imitated, while pearls were supremely secure But now that pearls can be grown to order they have no occasion to be snobbish.

En passant, there was a piquant incident at the sale of the wonderful pearl necklace of Mme. Thiers, which brought the Louvre museum authorities eleven highly useful millions of francs. Most of the bidding was, of course, carried on by the nods and becks of professional dealers, who had grouped together in syndicates in order to distribute the strain of such an outlay.



"The offer was a serious one"

But when masculine grunts and barks had pushed the call to ten millions, a sweet, soft voice was heard with "Ten millions and a half," and a South American lady, blushing furiously, rose in her seat to indicate that the offer was a serious one. Then, to everyone's delight, she was seen to count the notes in her *sac-à-main*, as if to make quite certain that, having spent ten and a half millions on a pearl necklace, she would still have sufficient money for a taxi fare.

René

"Without the loss of your brilliant costume"

The Cult of the Cabaret

By E. P. LEIGH-BENNETT

THE cabaret habit has fastened upon West Enders, just as the jazz habit did an æon or so ago, but for different reasons. The cabaret cult is becoming a very popular feature (except with theatrical producers and theatre shareholders) of our night life; and as the habit grows and the competition becomes fiercer so the standard of the cabaret show will continue to improve. The competition is becoming fairly fierce already, and the quality and artistry of the performances is really surprisingly good in many cases. When a cabaret is bad it is boresome and hideous to a degree. When it is good people stop eating and drinking to watch it, and that is the sometimes attained ambition of every cabaret producer.

The word is, of course, a misnomer in England. The surly dictionary says merely that it is "a tavern." And so, indeed, it was originally in Paris. The Paris cabaret started in somewhat unsavoury little *boutiques* where it was unwise to expose £5 notes (they took my watch chain in one of them once and thoughtfully did the waistcoat button up again!), wherein the quality of the audience was usually far below that of the "turns" provided. But the name has stuck—like the word "wangle"—and cabaret it will always be. The word was a thorn in the flesh of the enterprising gentlemen who introduced this kind of entertainment into London. When the L.C.C. heard the words "Cabaret Show" they said, "Ye gods!" and "bless my soul," or whatever the epithet is in the County Hall to express shock. They not only conjured up scenes of frightful depravity, but they said, "Dear me, No!"—or whatever the turning down epithet is they employ; and there followed a long-drawn-out and bitter fight (which gave Editors a lot of free copy) over months and months before a single cabaret rung up its curtain on a first number.

The cabaret promoters had another opponent, too, a rather more doughty and aggressive one, the "Theatre Managers Protection Association." One cannot blame this body for sitting up and taking stern notice. After all, as they said in no uncertain voice, the theatres were doing badly enough. There was "no money to be made in *that* line of business as it was," and if this mongrel form of quasi-theatre was going to be introduced into London—w-e-ll, they might as well file their petitions forthwith. It is an astonishing thing how there is never any money to be made in the other fellow's business. Have you noticed that? A man even had the temerity the other day to accuse *me* of making money at *my* job; but then, of course, he was very seedy at the time, poor fellow. However, the T.M.P.A. did not merely say things. They framed laws, inexorable and binding, and the L.C.C. put their beautiful red seal to them. So that the cabaret producer had a tough nut to crack when he set about enticing the conservative British public into his show. He had first of all, and still has, to make bricks without straw. He is not allowed to use any scenery. I imagine the T.M.P.A., when they got this law passed, said with a wicked leer, "Ah, that's done it!" And on the face of it you would think that sufficient to discourage any producer. How they came to agreement as to what was and was not scenery would baffle the ordinary theatregoer. But they are a pertinacious race, as you can see for yourself at any one of the cabarets I propose to deal with subsequently in these pages, and they were by no means defeated, rather the contrary.

The man who turns his wireless off every night at 10.55, lets the dog out, and retires yawning to bed at 11.3 p.m. on reading "all this rot" may well say, "But why do people go to cabarets, anyway?" If you ask a man, or woman, who goes they will probably say, "Oh, I d'no. Why do you wear those up-and-down collars?" And we are no further. But he who watches them coming and going and sees what they see knows well the reasons.

It used to be, "What sort of a band have they got at So-and-Sos?" Now it is, "They've got a damgood cabaret there." By such are several places now judged. The jazz band has ceased to be of prime importance, since all are excellent of their kind and only the expert (usually an American) can detect vital differences in beat of time and tone of saxophone.

There are certain definite and natural reasons why people like cabaret shows. You can dine in comfort at 8.30 and look at the first edition of the business across the top of your coffee cup at 9.30 without even moving from your chair.

The show is short and crammed with movement, colour and close allurement. If you don't like it you can go on talking to your girl without receiving the inimical "Sh-sh!" you get from behind you at the theatre. You are entirely at your ease and can come and go as you like. Also, men are spared the pilgrimage up endless stairs and the cleaving of a way through stolid bodies to a distant bar, and the appeal for a drink from a haughty lady who seems intent upon serving all and sundry, but not you. The late cabaret, which starts at 11.30, makes an insistent call to those who have been worked up at a theatre to a feverish desire for more laughter, light, colour, and grace of movement. The late cabaret is the theatre after the theatre for the insatiables. After all, you can't expect a person to go home at 11.15. It isn't done. You come out of a theatre thoroughly "in the vein," and while a heavily bribed individual is running about the wet streets for a taxi, you are able to say to her, "Now—er—where shall we go?" You could say that, of course, before the cabaret in London was thought of. But on these overcrowded nights peace from the pulsing of the dance tune is very welcome—hence the cabaret.

One wishes, however, that uninitiated critics, before condemning this or that cabaret show as "rotten," knew more about the enormous difficulties the cabaret producer and performer has in "getting across" to his or her public. The dread propinquity of the audience, who are sitting not in front, but on all four sides of you (get up and do a solo of some sort in a crowded drawing-room and you will know the feeling); the distance of the band; the tense minutes between which so much must be sandwiched; at one big cabaret in London seven distinct and entirely different items are performed in exactly nine minutes to the tick of a stop-watch; the heart-breaking rehearsals; the "dud" evenings when people merely talk, and you feel you are performing in one of the galleries of the British Museum. . . . The artistes who have arrived and are nightly acclaimed in spite of all this have earned their not inconsiderable salaries.

The cabaret has come to stay. And the *flair* for its production and performance is not entirely a Continental attribute, as I shall presently show.

Society and Sunsh

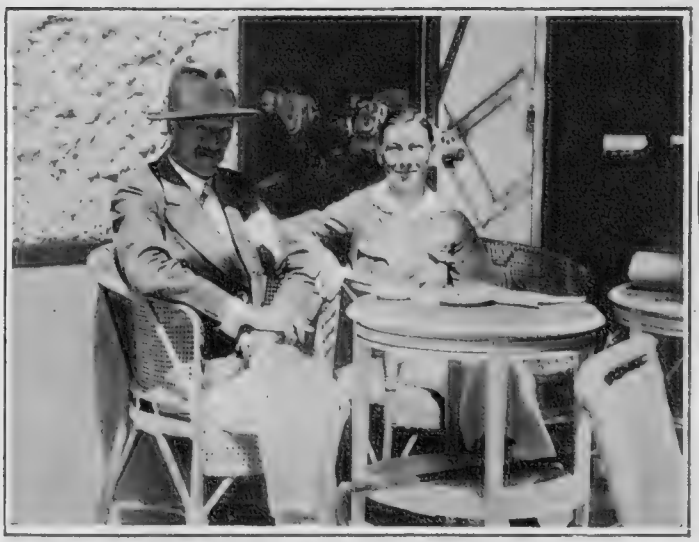
SOME PLEASANT PEOPL

MRS. GRAHAM

SIR JOHN TRELAWNY

A GROUP ON THE HOTEL STEPS

BACK ROW (left): Mr. Wignall, Col. Selby-Lowndes, Mr. Boucer, Mr. and Mrs. Motion, Sir Frederick Carden. FRONT ROW (seated): Mrs. Mark, Miss Motion, Mrs. Watts, Lady Carden, Col. Anderson, and Mr. Miller.



Photographs

MR. STERLING and MR. R. TRELAWNY

Crawford

LORD and LADY VIVIAN

FEMINA

THE FURNISHED ROOMS AT WEMBLEY

By MRS. M. VINCE

THERE are six furnished rooms in the Palace of Art at Wembley. They are dated 1750, 1815, 1852, 1888, and the last two 1924. Of the 1815, and still more of the 1852 room, one feels simply that it belongs to a period which is gone. The 1852 room has those mid-Victorian things of which everyone now makes fun. But most of the amused contempt for wool-work and what-nots, and ornaments under glass misses what is most wrong in such a room. It is not so much that it is a collection of ugly things—but simply that it is a collection.

THE 1924 bedroom belongs neither to the past nor the present, but rather to the future—the future of us all. I heard one visitor describe it as "half a crematorium." It suggests rather a carefully decorated tomb. The 1924 dining-room belongs neither to past, present, nor future in house-decorating, for it does not belong to house-decorating at all. It is borrowed from the stage.

Both the other two rooms, 1750 and 1888, belong to the present as much as to the past. They have the mark of their time, but they have also those qualities which are permanent, which every well-decorated room should have, so that one feels first not so much that they belong to the past, but that one could live in them to-day. One feels it most strongly of the oldest room of them all. Into that room of more than 150 years ago, one could walk, sit down and feel at once that one was at home.

THE reason for this is that, different as these two rooms are, in each the desire to make something beautiful has been strictly kept within the limits the practical needs of a room. In either is there anything unnecessary, neither is there any decorating for the sake of effect. That is where they chiefly differ from the dining-room of 1924, and that is why this dining-room is the worst room of the six.

IT is all for effect. It is intended to be seen, not to be lived in. It confessedly copies the stage—the stage of the Russian ballet—in its brilliant colours, its primrose, malachite, and peacock blue, but one need not go to the stage for these. There is plenty of brilliant colouring in Scandinavian house-decoration which has nothing theatrical. This room copies the stage in another way. When you go into it, as when you go on to the stage, you find that half the things are not real. The room actually appears more solid in a photograph than it is in reality. You find that what you thought from the photograph were niches with urns standing in them, and that what you thought were arches leading out of the room, are painted on the walls. That gives you the keynote of the room. There is the same theatrical touch in it all. It is in the painted chandelier hung very high above the table, which would light the room very well—if it had the limelight to do its work for it. It is in the brightly painted pilasters beside the windows—supporting nothing. It is even in the furniture.

IF you compare the table with the beautiful Gimson table in the 1888 room, you see at once the difference between furniture which has been honestly made for use, and furniture made only for effect. The Gimson table is beautiful, but with its four legs and the supports beneath, it is solid, secure, a table at which you can sit, eat, work. The 1924 table invites you only to a stage-meal. It is supported only by two centre-legs, and the last touch of insecurity has been given to it by polishing the top and painting the legs green, so that the legs do not belong to the top, it looks as if it had simply been laid on them, and as if a touch would upset it.

"A PERFECT LADY"

Mr. C. W. H. Beaton (who designed the dresses and scenery) as the Marchioness Matilda Spina in Luigi Pirandello's "Henry IV," given by the Cambridge University A.D.C. According to custom, all the women's parts were taken by men

THERE are some beautiful busts in the room—but beautiful busts, no more than beautiful pictures, cannot by themselves make a beautiful room—and the curtains are good. They are made so as to hang clear of the windows and leave it unimpeded to perform its function of giving light and air to the room. In this they resemble the curtains in the room of 1888. But these are the only two rooms in which the curtains are rightly used. In all the others the windows are too heavily draped. The pelmet curtains are the weak feature of the 1750 room. Beautiful as they are, they are too elaborate. They go beyond their proper function. You feel that the window has been treated as if its chief purpose were to show off the curtains.

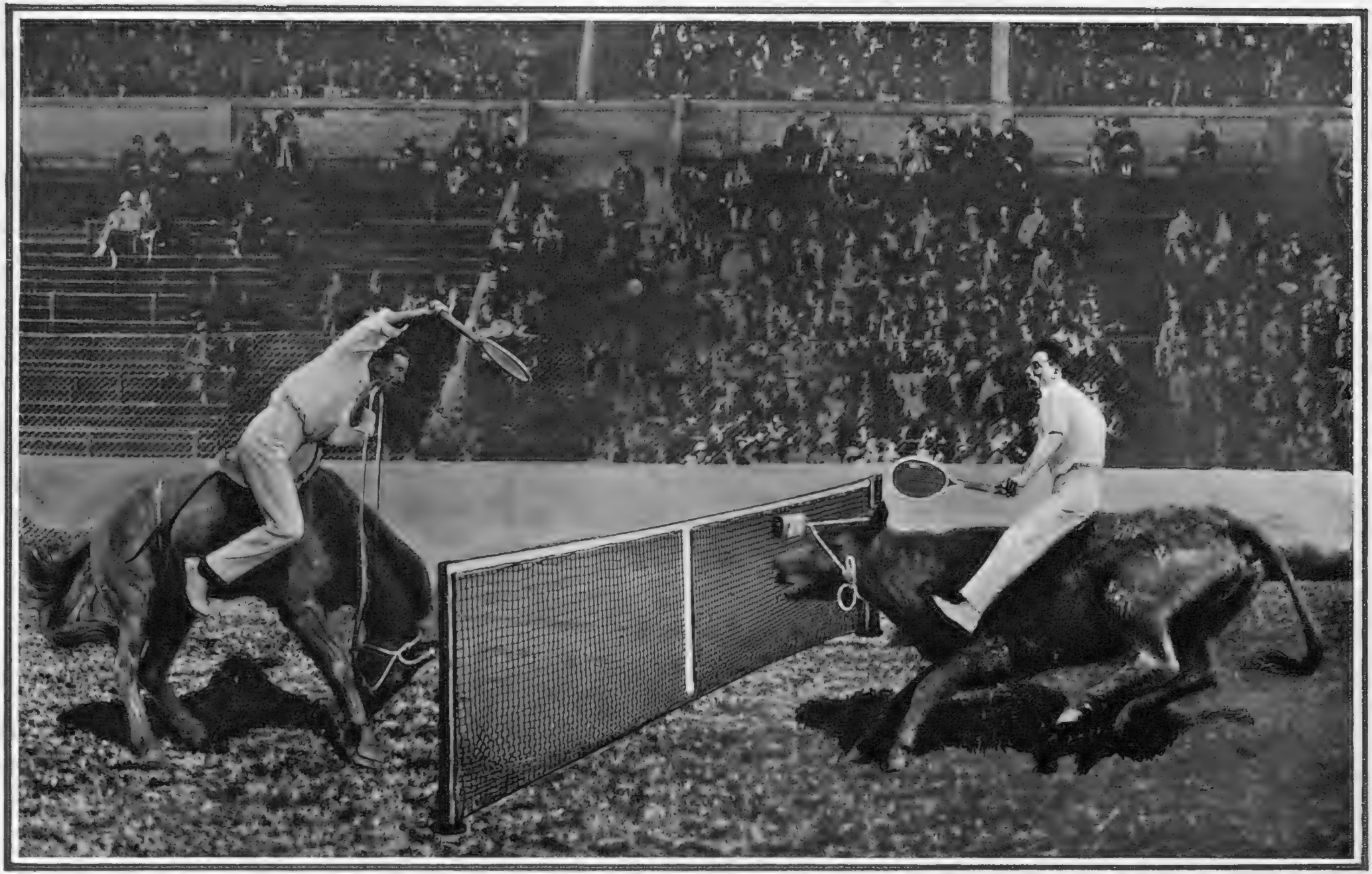
BECAUSE the curtains are right in the modern dining-room you feel the greater shock when you go on into the modern bedroom. For here are the most heavily curtained windows of all.

And the whole room is decorated in the same way. It is as airless as the old curtained four-poster beds. The black mantelpiece, which is black and nothing else, for it has no particular design, simply its colour, the beds themselves resting solidly on the floor so that no air can pass beneath, above all the heavy blue ceiling—all these contribute to the same sensation that one is half buried. If the floor of a room is the darkest colour in it, and the colours get lighter and lighter up to the ceiling, then one feels the room to be solidly founded and to have air and space in it. But this room reverses that rule. The buff-coloured carpet is the lightest colour in the room, the dark blue ceiling one of the heaviest.

SURELY modern decoration can do something better than this—a dining-room in which you feel that you have stepped across the footlights and found that nothing is real, a bedroom in which each night as you go to sleep you are reminded that one day you will go to sleep and never wake again?

BY KEITH BRYANT

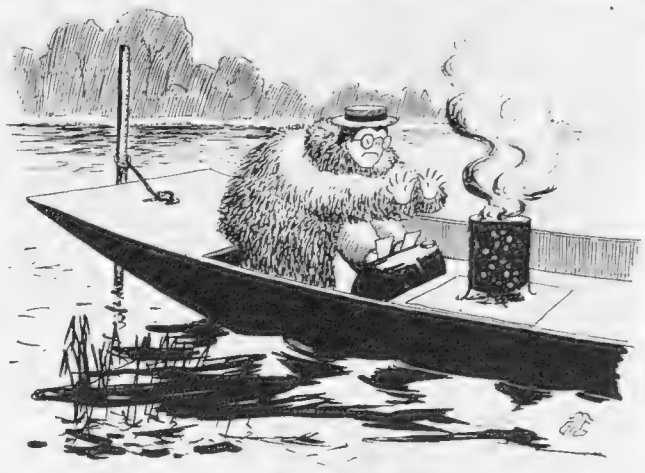
GOWNS AND THE GAME—AN IMPRESSION OF POLO AT RANELAGH



THE WIMBLEY-WEMBLEDON TOURNEO

To a Press photographer speed means a lot. Sometimes it means too much. For instance, our own tame camera-man was told to go to Wembley and then to Wimbledon, but what with his own snappiness, the speed of some of the Rodeo contestants and those lightning smashes on the centre courts—well, you can't blame the poor photographer if Wimbley and Wembledon dashed into one another, with the startling result shown above

YOGO HAMA AT HENLEY



"The so fickle Anglo climatics"

MOST DEAR HON. SIR—

No soonly does 1 festive despatch, than another comes to take his place in quickish successions, so that we do not have very too much time to consider work or other non-pleasant blessings. For instants, thisly week to date we have the great marine festive of Henleys Regatta which are so greatly endeared to all watering persons and other aquatic sportsters, masc and femn, very especially femn. This liquid Ascot are enormously fashionable congerie which no persons must afford to miss unless they desire to be consider nobodies, but merely middling class respectables of not any account in fashion circles, who perhapsly keep shops or other inferior pursuits. I shall not address these commentings to so lowly classes, if you will impardon me, but only to sportsters or other legitimate persons who seek to be stylish and chick.

"Excellent aquatic Booking gents"

Home and colonial persons making visit this country cannot boast to have seen it unless they have partaken in Henleys Regatta. Here they shall observe, floating on the watery Thames or entirely submerged in same, *the crême de menthe* (French word for "very exclusive" or "A.1") of Anglo-British Society. Peerages and other entitled persons can be watched disporting hims or herselfs in the latest marine garments from Paris, Kensington, Fortnum and Masons and such emporiums of fashion and elegants. This makes it to be a very severeish testing for nouveau and other vulgar riches who are not bred-in-the-bone fashionables, but only profit persons seeking to be upper 10's. I do not profess you I should be a style expert, but I permit myself to prognose that wool flannels will be very *de rigeur* (French) unless it should come on a snow-storm, when overcoatings may be worn to taste.

Myself, I shall not be deluded to believe too completely the fine weather prognostics and shall prepare for a reverse in case he comes. Thereforly I shall embark myself with hotting-bottles, skins, rugs and other icy comforts for the so fickle Anglo climatics, so I shall not freeze to die if they do their damnest. Notwithstandingly this pessimistic, let us constrain to hope that Hon. sun shall think he are in Arabia and shine with so much might and main we shall pant for winds in complete vain. That shall be very ideal and parch the skins from our noses and other non-guarded spots.

Perhapsly you shall wish me to prescribe a few hints and other etiquettes for inland and suchly non-marine persons who have not hithertoly witness a regatta on a river or other liquid bosom. These persons must know that saidly regattings are nautical sportings which talented persons in boats and other maritime crafts, seek to propel same with great velocity for cups, belts and suchly trophies for who shall arrive 1-st at a post. Many other numerous persons who have practised to become amphibia, plunge into the water for who shall swim with greatest speeds, or shoot on their heads from stupendous heights to make divings for submarine championships.

"Constrain to inform, Mr. Y. Hama, if it should be legitimate to make puntings on these so chilly events, and by how means," you beseek? Indeedly yes, Hon. Sir, no doubtfully you shall enable to obtain lucrative odds on the speed boats for a place or both ways. You may anticipate to discover some excellent aquatic Booking gents in semi-marine garments who shall take your puntings at 10 or other good prices to 1. But I do not muchly think I should love to be 1 of these marine bookers, because of the so great ease it should be to invert them into the watery deeps by infuriate punsters whose ships have omitted to arrive home.

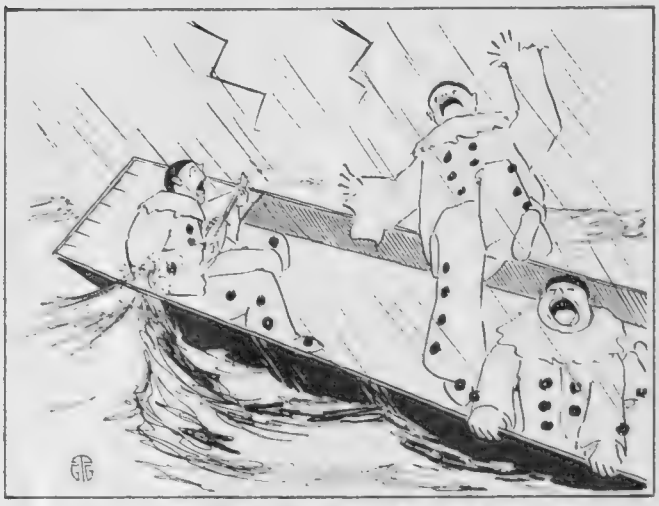
Non-sportsters, infantines and ageds who do not make backings will find aquatic minstrels preambling in punts to blow tunes or vocally sing. These

"I adore to see the racing 8's"

musical salts are called Pierotts (from pier, a nautical projection) and wear white garments in romantic shapes. These persons necessitate to be very pluck and hardy to brave the perils of the deeps and blow good singings in gales and other storms. All land-lubbing persons should vie to give their alms to these so worthy oceanic itinerants who do not shrink to face the tempest of an Anglo summer to provide us some musical entertainings.

But chiefly of all I adore to see the racing 8's propelling along the course like as the racing equines at Derby Oaks or Ascot. This are the great spectacular of the day, and we clutch our breaths to see who shall win the cup and bring us good assets on our puntings. O yes, are it not a thrill inspiring phenomenon to witness! Forward they propel with spurts and splashings, pushing the boats and crafts with heroic oars, skulls or other marine poles; non-recking of storms, blizzards, avalanches, thunders, lightnings or other nautical catastrophics which may burst to engulf them, but only of fame and good backings. I shall now put this so fine passage into an elegant afflatus:

I adore to see the racing 8's,
Who go splashing past at fearful rates,
They do not heed the lightning's roar,
But push to win with every oar.



"To brave the perils of the deeps"

"I greatly enjoy these pyrotechnics"

"This are all so well, Mr. Y. Hama, and I cannot think how you manufacture so deliciously exquisite poetics, but you have not constrained to inform concerning the innumerable luscious fairs of which there must be so plenty," you deplore? Ha, ha, this shows you to be very gay and wicked person as my premonitions have told me. But I shall not be so profane to indulge too muchly this so non-theological curiosities and other carnal pleasures. Indeedly, Hon. Sir, I should necessitate to have my pen plunged in the most fairest pigments to adequately depict the so enravishing fairs who curdle our hearts at Henleys, thereforely you must paint on the canvas of imagination with the colours of desire. (B.C. Chinese proverb.) But I promise you shall see blondes and brunettes of all colours, shapings and sizes to suit all tastes. O yes, I greatly dote to feast my gazes on these delicious femn blossoms which produce in me so sweetish palpitations.

Lastly there are the firing-works at night time, when rockets and other inflamable combustibles shoot into the sky in artistic patterns very dazzling to the eye. I greatly enjoy these pyrotechnics in the dark which I never omit to assiduously observe.

Hoping, Hon. Sir, that your esteemed healths continue to your satisfaction and Hon. family, if any, I remain

Yogo Hama.

Photograph] THE WINNING SENIOR EIGHT AT MARLOW [*Sport and General*

The crew of the Thames R.C. boat which won the Grand Challenge Cup at the Marlow Regatta, beating Jesus College by a quarter of a length in the record time of 3 minutes 49 seconds. The names of the crew are: C. G. Chandler, R. Bare, H. W. Dulley, H. L. Morphy, H. C. Debenham, C. H. Rew, A. F. Long, S. Ian Fairbairn (stroke), and J. S. Godwin (cox)

Chelsea's Special Matinée

BY J. TOUCHET

Our artist's impression of some of the hunters and their willing prey in the Royal Hospital Gardens on the occasion of the Theatrical Garden Party. In aid of "the Profession's" own especial charity, the Actors' Orphanage, the whole of Theatreland emigrated Chelseawards, to lend a helping hand at making an appreciative public "pay up and look pleasant"

CHAMPAGNE AND ROSES

By Blanchette.

Illustrated by HELEN McKIE

"Henley"

LONDON, *June* 30

DEAR COUSIN—

RATHER a nicish thing, life, these summer days, don't you think, if we're only prepared to let things go, so to speak, and make it so, as the seafaring persons say. And, why not, spite of all the Kill-joys and people say, trying to make out that we're frivolous and all that sort of thing, just 'cos we keep on rushing off to heaps and lots of parties and shows of all manner of kinds, this time of year. Or lounging lazily in shady backwaters round Henley way, or at Ranelagh and Hurlingham and Roehampton and places, whenever we get half a chance, 'stead of being good and dull little busy bees all the while.

AFTER all, this *is* holiday time, as well as the Height of the Season, and they and summer don't any of 'em last any too long in this so-called temperate, not to say 'casionally somewhat greyish, clime of ours. So we have to concentrate, *n'est-ce-pas*, on the gather-ye-roses-while-ye-may lines and make-hay-while-the-sun-shines, and all that sort of thing.

They are not long, the days of wine and roses,

as the poet says, and the supply's strictly limited of

Those burning blood-drops from the heart of June,

not to mention their more mundane companions and concomitants, the

Beaded bubbles winking at the brim. . . .

Speaking metaphorically, of course.

CHAMPAGNE and roses . . . joyous parties and lovely dances and the exquisite sunwashed pleasures of sparkling sea or fragrant countryside. 'Tis *my* solemn, serious and 'sidered opinion, you know, that in the real summer days, alas! so few, when

The sweet land laughs from sea to sea,
Filled full of sun—

it's not only excusable ("Bah" and also "Tush") but our solemn and bounden duty to frivol—and do it Imperially, too, this being such a 'ticularly extra special Empire year.

WE guys are sure funny, as Suicide Bob of the merry band of bronchobusting cowboys so sagaciously remarks. Always seem to have got so much business right in front of our minds, he says, that we haven't time to look up as we go along. . . . Sure thing and c'rect as hell, too (to quote the 'foresaid authority once more)—'bout quite a lot of us, anyway, isn't it? And they're the ones that always seem to hate others enjoying 'emselves, like a man I met in the train last winter who solemnly rebuked me for saying I hoped there'd be skating, 'cos of all the "distress" a frost was going to cause! As if our frosts ever lasted long enough to distress anyone—quite the other way round, in fact. 'Sides, what about all the poor skate-makers and the men who shovel snow, and the people who sell furry coats and gloves, and the poor plumbers with their livings to make out of burst pipes and things—what?

"Bathing"

BUT I didn't take up my pen, as the antique novelists used to put it, to write you 'bout frosts, though there *have* been one or two moments lately—no, I won't say it. Froward and ungrateful generation, aren't we, praying all we're worth for something truly scorching and then turning round and panting for cooling streams, as they say in A. and M., very instant the old thermom. 'gins even distantly to hint at pointing eighty-wards. Quite 'nough to put the poor puzzled old thing right off his stroke, methinks, and send him off, muttering crossly, to curl himself right up in his little hutment down below.

FORWARD, please, therefore, right now with the roses and champagne. As yet, another of the great philosophers hath written, there's nothing more vicious in champagne than in ginger-beer, and flannelette has no virtues denied to crepe de Chine, or words to that effect. Which last-named we might most cert'nly and mid loud applause add to the list, with, of course, frocks and hats and things attached, 'specially now the July sales are on as a sort of 'scuse, if any were needed. Pos'tive economy really, isn't it—and 'course if they haven't got what you want, must go and buy it all the same, in the proper champagne-and-roses-and-Reville spirit, *n'est ce pas? Après tout* (said she, continuing entently just so's to help Ramsay and Herriot)—

Summer comes but once a year,
And it's gone before we know it's here. . .

SO I'm all for savouring every second of it, aren't you, whether in festal town or (lit'rally) blooming country, where there's more flowers this year I do b'lieve than ever before within the mem'ry of living man or woman—*have* got a *bit* of our own back anyway out of the late unlamented deluge—and where

Now dawn comes to my window
Breathing midsummer roses,
And scythes are wet with dew.

Sweetly soothing it does sound, what, and 'minds me of dear Sir Charles Hawtrey's book just out, *The Truth at Last*, where he said the very first thing he remembered

was lying in bed and listening to the scythes mowing the lawn . . . the rhythmic swish of the keen blades, the scent of the newly mown grass, together with all the delightful sounds and scents of a bright summer's morning in the country. . . .

DON'T seem to be exactly altogether agreeing with the Canons and people though, do I? One of them has been telling us how awful it is the way we throw away our "opportunities for good" in—'ark to this—"useless and trivial engagements." Also, which I s'pose is even worse, in time given to personal adornment, of which (take special note, please) "the results in refinement or beauty do not always seem adequate to the labour expended." Some scathe, what? And 'cording to 'nother of the Rev. advertisers—I mean advisers—what we

"Off for the holidays"

ought to do is to concentrate our energies on household duties, and not ever *ever* yield to the "man-hunting vanity of seductive and depraved fashions," etcet., etcet.

REAL super and distinguished devotee, methinks, of the Flannelette School, as you might say. Seductive, mark you, *ergo*, and as a natural cons'quence, depraved—which also, of course, is the 'propriate adjective demanded by the horrid and well-nigh unthinkable idea that any woman ever set out d'liberately to attract any man. Rather refreshing, after which, to

"Country people up for Wembley"

find a doctor person actually declaring our present depraved fashions are quite the healthiest we've ever had, and audaciously announcing that it's better to show too much leg than no leg at all.

QUITE a lot of American being talked in this little old burg, these days, by the way, what with our U.S. visitors and friends at Wimbledon and the rollicking Rodeo that's going on all through this week after all, and's had in a manner of speaking the sanction of the Church, seeing as how a gallant Rector's act'lly been trying his hand at broncho-busting all among the cowboys and sinners, and not done so badly at it, either. And still they flock Wembleywards, the people from the provinces and the States, and 'cording to the prophets this July that's upon us'll see an even bigger invasion of Dollars and Dominions than there's ever been yet. For the benefit and edification whereof, if for naught else, doth it not behove us to keep the Champagne-and-Roses Standard floating bravely in the breeze? Sure, and likewise put it there.

LIFE *de luxe* aforesaid being further added to and enlivened this week, of course, by the river and riparian joys of Henley—whereto we look, this year of records, to break for once its time-honoured tradition of at least one day of rain. Tho' if the worst should come to the worst, simply masses of indoor affairs to hand as well, and even the Rodeo to be seen all comf'tably and under cover at the Tivoli, where they've got a perfectly good film of the show, complete with bronks and steers, and wrestling, and a bit of the much-talked-of roping and all.

DANCES, needless to say, going stronger than ever, with a score at least of the private white-glove kind 'sides all the usual club and restaurant ones, and finishing up with a great Henley gala ball on Saturday at that truly s'ductive spot, Phyllis Court. And as for the theatres—well, perhaps they, too, at last'll 'gin to 'merge from the Slump of Despond that seems to've been 'veloping so many of 'em for so long.

With love, Yours ever,

BLANCHETTE

Improvements in Continental Services

Starting in July, the Southern Railway are making further improvements in the Continental services. Among others being, in connection with the 2 p.m. service from Victoria a first and second-class Boulogne to Milan through carriage; every Friday from July 4 a special night service to Boulogne and Basle by the direct Laon route, leaving Victoria, at 8 p.m., and every Saturday from July 19 a special all-classes mid-day service to Ostend and the Belgian coast, leaving Victoria at noon. The services via Newhaven and Dieppe are also being improved.

Photograph] A HAPPY PAIR [*G. P. U.*

Mr. Ronald Tubbs, second son of Mr. Herbert Tubbs, of Thorpe Hall, Thorpe-le-Soken, and his bride, Miss Marjorie Thomas, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Marlow Thomas, of Hadley Wood, after their wedding at Monken Hadley

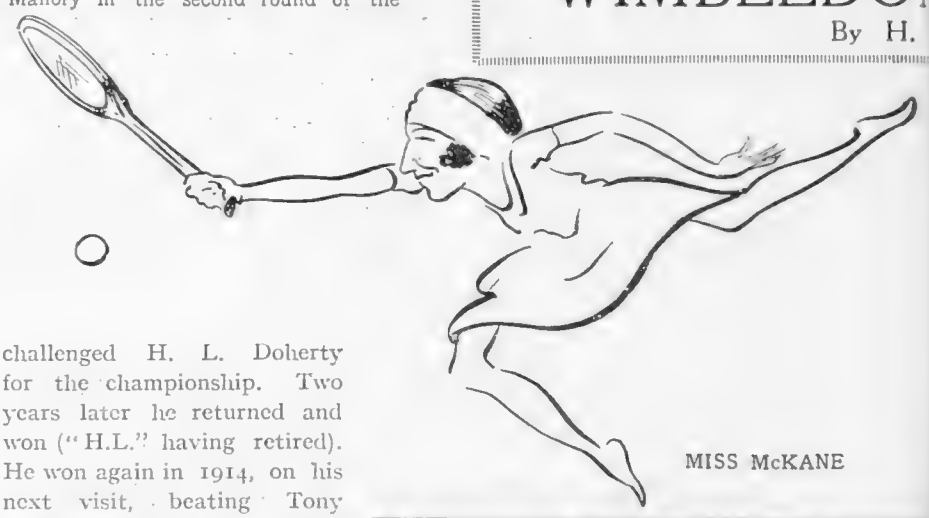
THE MECCA OF THE LAWN TENNIS WORLD

A panoramic view of the famous Centre Court at Wimbledon, showing the crowd of lawn-tennis enthusiasts watching Miss K. McKane defeating Mrs. Mallory in the second round of the Championship Singles

WIMBLEDO

By H.

THE big event of the earlier rounds of the Singles last week at Wimbledon was Norman Brookes' victory over Frank Hunter, the American. Just in order that the significance of it may be realised I would remind you that Brookes came over here first in 1905 and won the All-Comers' Singles, but unsuccessfully challenged H. L. Doherty for the championship. Two years later he returned and won ("H.L." having retired). He won again in 1914, on his next visit, beating Tony Wilding in the challenge round and lost in the revival year, 1919, to his young compatriot, Gerald Patterson. Hunter, some seventeen years his junior, has come right to the front only in the last three years. He reached the final at Wimbledon last year, and was there beaten by W. M. Johnston, is regarded as the fourth or fifth best player in America, and (in the absence of Tilden and Johnston) is one of America's nominated "Big Four" at this year's meeting. He was ten years old when Brookes won his first championship over here.



MISS McKANE

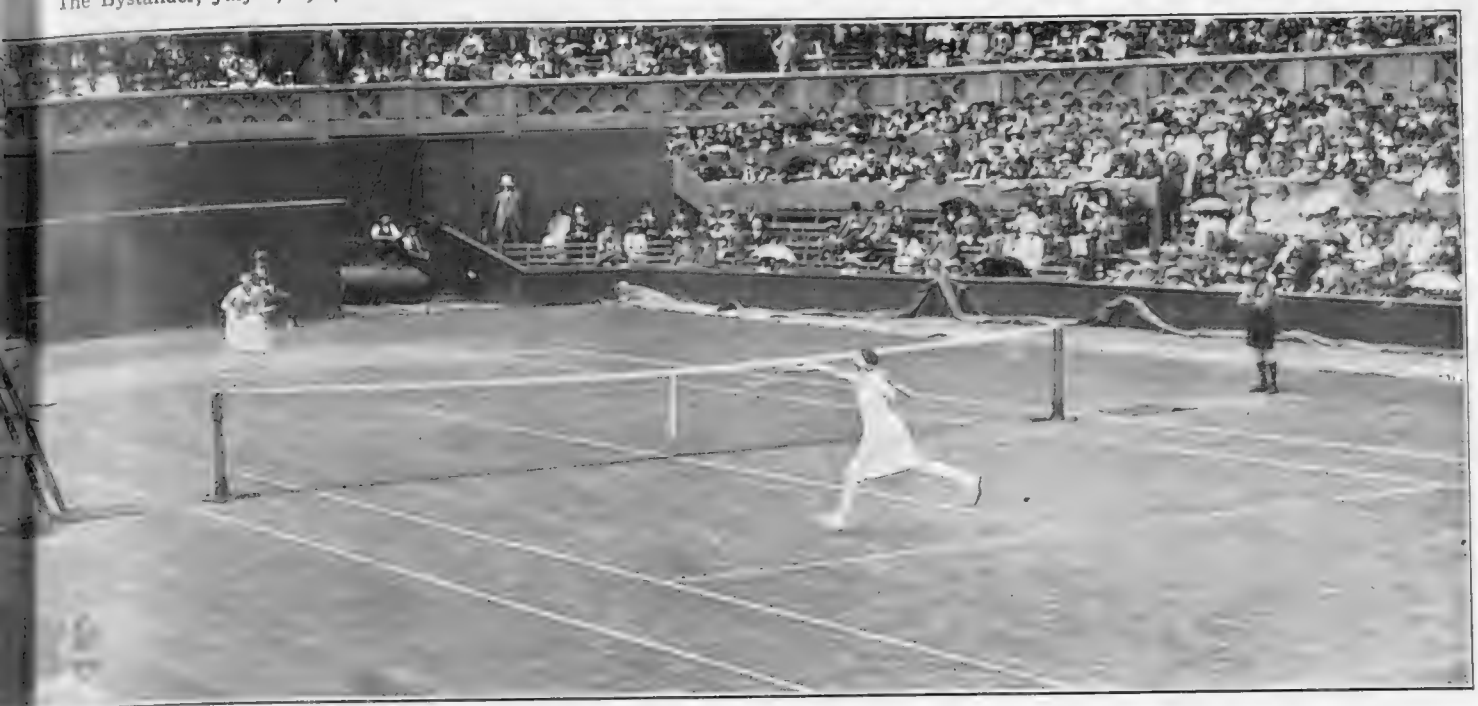
VINCENT RICHARDS

I AM told on pretty good authority that Brookes entered for this year's championship more for the sake of sampling the new centre court and being able to say that he had played both on the old and the new. Last Thursday on the new Court the prowess of the old "came back." The prevailing notion, until Thursday, was that he could not last through a really testing five-set match. That was his only failing against Tilden and Johnston in his own country in 1922. He could hold them both for three sets. Yet on Thursday

Photograph *Central News*

J. BAILEY

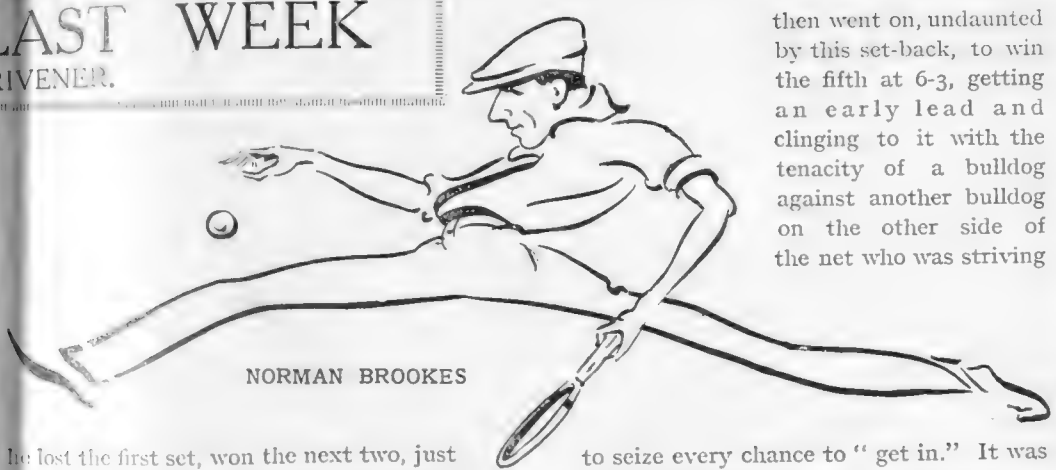
The young Australian who defeated R. Lycett in the Singles with the loss of only one set



Photograph Sport & General

LAST WEEK

RIVENER.



NORMAN BROOKES

he lost the first set, won the next two, just lost the fourth after a tussle which would have finished many a younger man, and then went on, undaunted by this set-back, to win the fifth at 6-3, getting an early lead and clinging to it with the tenacity of a bulldog against another bulldog on the other side of the net who was striving to seize every chance to "get in." It was a glorious match—even if it was marred by a somewhat hectic last game, and it proved that the champions of before the War are—or, rather, were—as good as the champions of to-day.

Photograph Alfieri

R. LACOSTE

Of France who knocked out the Spanish Champion in a match which ran to five sets

IN last week's BYSTANDER "Blanchette" reminded us, in that quaint way of putting things which is entirely her own, that at Wimbledon we "haven't done any too much winning ourselves lately, have we?" and that English lawn tennis is continually meeting its Waterloo at "the place that you can get to from the station of that name." As a matter of fact, it is ten years—not counting in the fateful four—since the Championship was won by an Englishman born and bred, and five since the women's championship was won by an Englishwoman, and although it is almost as unsafe to prophesy about lawn tennis as it is about golf—please bear in mind that a lot has happened since these words were actually penned—I fear me that when the end of this present Wimbledon is reached our Singles representatives will again be numbered among those who have been sent empty away, and that we shall have to content ourselves with saying "optimistically but cautiously"

J. BOROTRA

Caricatures specially sketched for THE BYSTANDER *at Wimbledon by HYNES*

to quote "Blanchette" again) "better luck *some* time."

NOR is this merely one of those consolatory sort of remarks that you make perfunctorily to the friend who has backed a loser. There are real grounds for an optimistic outlook. As I write, Wimbledon is supplying them, not very pronouncedly, it is true, but still they are there for the careful analyst of sets and matches. And even though we may not be top dogs at Wimbledon, our men have won three rounds of the Davis Cup, a thing which has not happened since the War until now. We are in the hardest half of the draw, and we have beaten three nations of mark in the great world of lawn tennis, Belgium, Spain, and South Africa. We may have expected to beat Belgium and Spain, but we could do no more than hope to beat South Africa, and the realisation of our hopes (although we were just a shade lucky) shows that our strength has increased. We could not have done it last year.

Photograph *Central News*

ROYALTY AT WIMBLEDON

The King and Queen with ex-King Manoel and His Consort watching the play from the Royal Box at the centre court

Photograph *G.P.U.*

J. B. GILBERT

MOREOVER, every round won means an increase of confidence and power. Our two Singles players, J. B. Gilbert and J. D. P. Wheatley, have "come on" appreciably. Gilbert has profited by his matches against Jean Washer, the Belgian champion, Manuel Alonso, the champion of Spain—whose glorious death at the hands of R. Lacoste last Tuesday will go down to posterity as one of the classic matches of the centre court—and against the two South Africans, P. D. B. Spence and L. Raymond. In a Davis Cup competition you get matches that brace you in a way that you cannot possibly be braced by pottering around at an ordinary everyday English tournament. Wheatley, erroneously left out of the team against Belgium, has likewise encountered Alonso and the two South Africans to his permanent benefit, and in my opinion our two men are a good half-fifteen better than they were when the Cup campaign began. We have, too, a third string to our Singles bow in Kingscote, who played against Belgium, but was rightly dropped in favour of Wheatley because he then was short of practice and had not had a real try-out under Championship conditions for ever so long. Since then he has been "coming back" by leaps and bounds. Wimbledon will have shown us whether he is the Kingscote of three years back. If he is, his claims to reinstatement will be indisputable. Wimbledon will also have shown us whether we can put on a better pair for the Doubles match than Max Woosnam and L. A. Godfree. But Woosnam, as short of the kind of practice that is needed as Kingscote was a month ago, has shown that he, too, is "coming back" by taking a set, and very nearly two, off Borotra—the best, in the opinion of many, of four very formidable Frenchmen—I would say five if Cochet were competing at Wimbledon.

Photograph *G. P. U.*

J. WEAKLEY

WHICH reminds me that our next tie in the Davis Cup—the semi-final of the European section—will be against France. It will happen almost immediately after the Olympic matches, and will most likely be played, because of this, upon hard courts. This is going to be our stiffest fence. But fine players though these French boys are, especially on their home courts—of Cochet, Lacoste, Borotra and Brugnon I am expecting Borotra and Lacoste to be their Singles choices—our chances are by no means to be sneezed at. Nothing succeeds like success. We shall have succeeded thrice, and our men will go into court, as it were, on a flowing tide. They will have the confidence needed to enable them to give of their best and the will to win. The other side will know that they are "up against it" and that much will be expected of them. Consequently, if there is anything of a pinch, they may fail. Whoever wins this semi-final will win the final almost without a doubt, and then—hey for America! where the two last stages of the competition will take place. What a vision of joy to egg our people on! H. S. S.

MLLE. LENGLEN

Time's Roses

It is interesting to trace the history of Ross's Belfast Ginger Ale right down through the ages.

The basis of its formula is a delectable Oriental *joysome* consisting of fruits and spices crushed with sugar-cane.

This delicacy was a great favourite in Far Eastern Royal Courts thousands of years ago, and there is evidence that it was known, at least in a modified form, to the Greeks in those happy days when a goat and a basket of Attic figs was as yet the prize in contests.

It was certainly imported, in the fullness of perfection, into England during the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

Doubtless Shakespeare, Spenser, Sidney, Jonson, and other great luminaries of that age appreciated it—it touched them with poetic power.

On festival occasions it was diffused through water, and in this form received many fanciful names, all suggestive of Health and Song, and the Mystic Moon.

Long afterwards, the discovery of the effervescing principle of champagne by van Helmont, and the subsequent work of Priestley, Lavoisier, Black, and others, turned men's thoughts to the production of sparkling non-alcoholic beverages, and, appropriately enough, Ireland, with its lovely skies and pure crystal waters, became the centre of a great industry.

Starting with a vision, the Messrs. Ross, Belfast, built a factory to protect and preserve their own deep underground springs of peerless water, and very quickly indeed the name of Ross became famous throughout the world in association with *the best non-alcoholic beverage* ever devised by man.

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Pour it briskly into a pint glass and notice its delicate bouquet — sweeter than the breath of the brier, the beaded bubbles bursting with fragrance at the brim, and the aroma of ginger stealing through all like the rich mellow notes of the 'cello in orchestral music.

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RACING NOTIONS . . . By "Carbine"

A Good Double

THAT was a very pleasant double which I put up in my article last week—Jazz Band for the Northumberland Plate and Baton Rouge for the Newbury Summer Cup. Both won at very comforting prices. You will realize that there was great enthusiasm at Gosforth Park when Jazz Band carried off the "Pitmen's Derby." Although he was not favourite for the race, he was well backed, and no more popular result could have been imagined from the local point of view. Mr. Adam Scott is the only trainer of real importance in Northumberland, and his horses always come in for support in the North of England. What is more, he manages every season to turn out a very satisfactory proportion of winners. I selected Jazz Band for the Northumberland Plate because of the vastly improved form he had previously displayed. It is a fact that he has not been beaten this year, and each time he runs he seems to do better than before. If you had simply studied your book of form you would not have taken him to beat Carpathus last week, but the race showed that Mr. Adam Scott's horse has made much greater advancement than the other.

Baton Rouge

PEOPLE are wondering now how it was that Baton Rouge failed to get into the first three in the Manchester Cup. It is one of those mysteries of form which are almost impossible to account for. He has done remarkably well since his failure at Manchester. You saw him put up a very good show in the Gold Vase at Ascot, and last week he simply cantered away with the Newbury Cup. I wonder what Mr. J. de Rothschild thinks of the excellent form which Baton Rouge has displayed this season. It is the third race the horse has won in Mr. Somerville Tattersall's colours, yet he was able to buy him for only 720 guineas, the price of a useful selling plater, at the last December sales.

By L. R. BRIGHTWELL

STRAIGHT FROM THE STABLE

"Up the Straight"

Mr. Rothschild now discovers that he made a regular "bloomer" in parting with the horse at such a price. Another good performer whom he sold for an inadequate figure at the same time is The Haberdasher, the recent winner of a big sprint at Manchester. "Jimmy" is one of the shrewdest of racing people, but you will see that even the knowing ones are liable to make grave errors of judgment.

Whatcombe in Form

PERHAPS the feature of last week's pleasant meeting at Newbury was the great form shown by the Whatcombe horses. No sooner had we decided that the stable was bang out of form when up it comes with three winners in one afternoon, with another to follow on the second day of the meeting. Curiously enough, this revival of the fortunes of the Whatcombe establishment coincided with the fact that George Hulme was "resting" so far as the stable was concerned. Hulme has done so well for Mr. "Dick" Dawson and his patrons in the past that I hope to see him riding regularly for the stable again in due course. I was impressed with one of the Whatcombe horses which did not win at Newbury. I refer to Cos, who showed in the Empire Handicap that she is still possessed of great speed. She faded away in the last furlong of the race, and may possibly have been short of a gallop, but she ran very well.

Behind the Ditch

THIS week we are at Newmarket again for the delightful racing behind the Ditch. On Wednesday the Newbury form of **Scaliger** points to his probable success in the Duke of Cambridge Handicap. On the following day comes the Princess of Wales's Stakes, which **St. Germans** may win. I like the chance of **Blue Ice** in the Girton Handicap. On Friday **Legality** may take the Ellesmere Stakes. **Irish Hope** is my tip for the London Cup at Alexandra Park on Saturday.

POLO NOTES . . . . By A. W. Coaten

The Team at Last

AT last the team which will be pitted against America in the International matches in September has been definitely selected. The members of the Committee appointed to choose the side did not permit themselves to be hurried. They were handicapped by the fact that polo could not be played for weeks together at the London clubs, and even when it was possible to play, the grounds were dreadfully soft. In these circumstances it was admittedly difficult to appraise the respective form of those players who were being considered in an international sense. Early last week the selectors made up their minds that, all being well, the England team shall be composed as follows: Lieut.-Colonel T. P. Melvill at No. 1, Major T. W. Kirkwood at No. 2, Mr. L. Lacey at No. 3 and Major Vivian Lockett at back.

Comments

THE first comment one has to make upon this selection is that Major Kirkwood up to last week had never played at No. 2 in this country in any important match, and similarly Mr. Lacey has never, so far as I can remember, played at No. 3 in England. Thus in selecting them for those positions a notable experiment has been made. Perhaps some people would call it a gamble, but I have an idea that the gamble is one which will prove successful.

Need for Combination

VERY little time remains for practice in England, and it is to be hoped that the team will be given every opportunity of practice. It is highly important that its members should be able to evolve a good working combination. Although six trial matches were played before the team was definitely selected, it is an extraordinary fact that these four players had never been on the same side in a single game. Before the opening of the season there appeared to be a widespread impression that Major Vivian Lockett had seen his best days in polo. Those who came to that conclusion must now admit that they were hopelessly wrong.

England's Captain

WITH the possible exception of Colonel Melvill, no player in recent matches has come nearer to the real international standard than Lockett. It is true that he has shown signs of tiring towards the end of his game, but he improves in this respect with every match he plays. The honour has been given him of being elected Captain of the England team. Despite the failure of the team he led in 1921, he is a good man for the job. Cool and unflurried in the hottest corners, he has a knowledge of American tactics which must unfailingly tell to the advantage of his side. Altogether I think the Selection Committee have done just as well as one could expect with the material at their command.

Fifty Years of Polo

I WAS glad that, in spite of all the wretched weather, the Hurlingham Club was able to bring off its jubilee match last month. And a very fine match it was, packed with really excellent polo. The game has been admirably fostered by Hurlingham during the fifty years it has been played there, and all polo-players will earnestly hope that the grand old club will go on in steadily increasing prosperity. Those who are interested in this jubilee of polo should not fail to get a copy of the delightful booklet, compiled from the records of the club and handsomely illustrated, which Hurlingham has just published at the nominal price of one shilling.

Four Horsemen of the Polo World

BY HYNES

Up to last week all the four players caricatured here were strongly in the running as England's representatives in the Internationals to be played in America next September. Three of them have been finally selected, namely, Lieut.-Col. T. P Melvill (No. 1), Mr. L. L. Lacey (No. 3), Major V. N. Lockett (Back). For No. 2, Major T. W. Kirkwood has been chosen

"S—CALF LOVE"

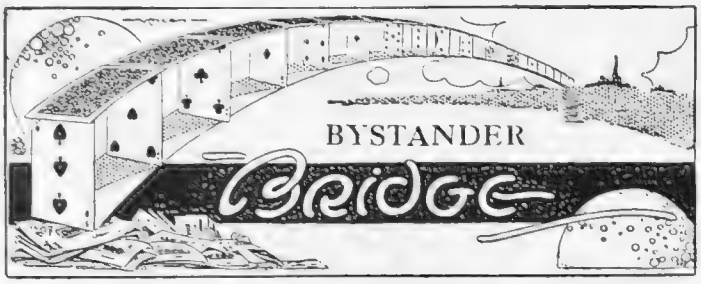
BY LAURIE TAYLER

DEWAR'S

THE SPIRIT TRIUMPHANT

Triumph rightly won is glorious. It brings to mind and body a satisfying joy that gladdens and inspires. Now and again to triumph in life is a fine stimulant and so is . . . . . .

DEWAR'S



BY A. E. MANNING FOSTER

FALSE CARDING

WHILE it is open to the declarer to false-card as much as he pleases, it should be done intelligently. There is no object in false-carding for false-carding's sake. Frequently have I seen a declarer give valuable information to one or both of his adversaries by stupid play of false cards. The most common case is in the play of Aces and Kings. Take this example. Z has called "no-trumps" and A opens the Queen of Diamonds. Z holds Ace, King, and another of the suit, and takes the first trick with the Ace and imagines he has done something clever. How many times have you and I seen this happen!

. . . . . .

So far from having done something clever he has given the show away to his opponents. A is practically certain that Z has the King, for if B (A's partner) had held it he must put it up to unblock unless he had four or five of the suit. But B knows *for a certainty* that A has not the King. If Z had taken the trick with the King, B would have been left in doubt about his partner's opening. It might be from Ace, Queen, Jack and others. By taking with the Ace instead of with the King Z has told B that A's opening was from Queen, Jack, ten. False-carding by the declarer is usually more effective against good opponents in the play of the lower cards, the sixes and sevens, the eights and nines.

. . . . . .

In opposition it is criminal to play false cards wantonly. It undermines partnership. They should be played only when they can do no harm. These occasions are:

(1) When your partner is too bad to gain information from correct play and it doesn't matter whether you deceive him or not. (2) When your partner's is obviously too weak to be damaged. (3) When it is of more importance to mislead the declarer than to enlighten your partner. Here is an example—

Clubs—Q, 10, 2.

Clubs—A, K, 4. | Y (*Dummy*) / A B / Z (*Declarer*) | Clubs—J, 3, 2.

Clubs—9, 8, 7.

A and B require all the tricks to save the game. It is B's lead, and he plays the 2 of Clubs. It would obviously be useless to lead the Jack against the Queen in dummy. A wins the trick with the *Ace*—a false card to make the declarer think that B holds the King—and returns the 4. Z is unlikely to put up the Queen, and plays the 10, and so all three tricks are won by A, B.

. . . . . .

Occasions where either side could go game are not infrequent at Auction. But the battle, when the bidding goes up to five, is generally between Hearts and Spades. A reader in Bombay sends me the following interesting hand, and asks my opinion of the bidding.

S—x, x, x. D—None.
H—K, x. C—A, J, 10, x, x, x, x, x.

S—A, K, Q, x. S—J, x, x, x, x.
H—x. H—x, x.
D—A, K, Q, x, x, x. D—J, x, x, x.
C—Q, x. C—K, x.

Y / A B / Z

S—x. D—x, x, x.
H—A, Q, J, 10, x, x, x, x. C—x.

Score: Game all. Z dealt and bid "2 Hearts." A "4 Diamonds." Y "4 Hearts." B "5 Diamonds." Z "5 Hearts." A double. All pass. Result: Z made 5 Hearts and won the rubber.

I have given this hand in full because it presents some illuminating features. First note the "symmetry" of the hands. (On this matter I shall have something to say in a future note.) Z held eight Hearts and Y held eight Clubs. A had a singleton and Z had a singleton. The suits were divided in the most favourable way for both sides.

. . . . . .

Now as to the bidding, I disapprove of Z's opening bid of "2 Hearts." It was feeble. His was a hand on which he must pre-empt properly and bid "3" or even "4 Hearts" at once. But as it was, A's "4 Diamonds" was a good bid because he hoped to shut out "4 Hearts." B's support was justifiable with four of his partner's suit and a King outside.

Z with a trickless hand, unless Hearts were trumps, was bound to go "5 Hearts" after his partner's support, even if he went down one or two tricks, to save game and rubber. I do not consider A's double good. He could scarcely have expected to make a Diamond, and even if he anticipated making two or three tricks in Spades, he ought to have realised that there was, on the bidding, a freakish distribution of cards. I think in A's place and at the score I should have bid "6 Diamonds" and been prepared to go down a trick or two to save the rubber.

. . . . . .

All the same, A could have defeated Z's bid and scored 100 points instead of losing game and rubber. He should undoubtedly have opened King of Spades and not as he did King of Diamonds. On the bidding it was almost certain that Y or Z were bare in Diamonds. If he had opened King of Spades, and, after he had seen dummy, led his singleton Heart, Z must have been one down, losing two Diamonds and a Spade. As it was played Z was able to ruff two Diamonds in dummy and lost only one Diamond and one Spade. A further point of interest about the hand is that A and B, if they had only known it, could have bid and made 5 Spades. But A could not bid Spades with only four, fearing the force in Hearts, and he was undoubtedly quite right to bid his Diamonds. Either side had a game bid, but Z was lucky in the play of the hand and to win his contract doubled.

Bystander Four Weeks' Competition.—No. III.

Problem No. 2. (Second Week)

Score: Game all. Z dealt and held:
S—6, 5, 2. H—K. D—K. C—K, J, 10, 9, 7, 5, 4, 2.
(*a*) What should Z say?

Score: Game all. A, B, 10 in rubber game. Z deals and bids "One Heart." A "One Spade." Y holds:
S—None. H—A, K. 3. D—9, 5, 7, 2. C—A, K, Q, 6, 5, 2.
(*b*) What should Y say?

Score: Game all. Y, Z, 16 in rubber game. Z deals and bids "one no trumps." A "2 Hearts." Y holds—
S—A, Q, 4. H—8, 7, 5, 4. D—A, J, 5. C—A, Q, 6.
(*c*) What should Y say?

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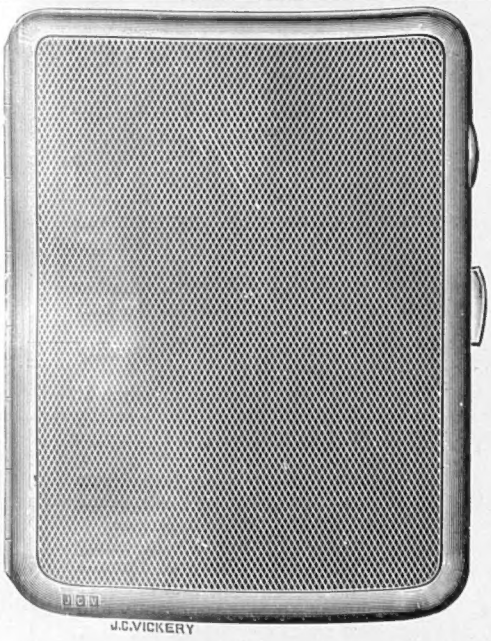

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ALSATIAN FASHION

WHAT'S IN A NAME? BY "THE KENNELMAN"

APART from those perfectly legitimate differences of taste which to most of us commend one breed of Dogs more strongly than others, one gathers that there do exist in some minds prejudices against the Alsatian Wolfdog. Well, we most of us cherish some prejudices, and life might be rather more drab and draughty than it is if we didn't. Like cocktails and kennelmen, they may be quite agreeable and useful adjuncts, providing you don't allow 'em to take charge and tyrannise. (There is no kennelman's trade union as yet, and as I can't imagine the co-existence of Bolshevism and the care of Dogs, perhaps the kennelmen are safer than the cocktails; albeit I've met one or two at Shows whose ignorance of their jobs has given me a pain sharper than any I've derived from mixed liquors.)

No prejudice ought to blind intelligent observers to the fact that the Alsatian is to-day a most extraordinarily popular Dog. One evidence of it is the fact that, for several months now, he has possessed a monthly magazine of his own, running to forty or fifty pages, with pictures. My introduction to *The Alsatian*—the magazine—is due, secondarily to the courtesy of its editor, and, a day or so ahead of that, to the rather acidulous letter of a correspondent who was moved to take "Kennelman" to task over his article in the new magazine, headed "Wolf." It seems the writer of this article is "sick of hearing about" alleged wolf-like characteristics in the Alsatian, and considers them wholly baseless.

But, sick or sorry, responsibility for his views must not be added to my kit, since, however much he may choose (all unconsciously no doubt) to take my name in vain, my acquaintance with his article dates from the morning on which a copy of the journal containing it was sent me; and the views he expresses do not happen to be mine; though I daresay they're none the worse for that; and I'm sure the magazine is a production which all keen "Alsatianists" will welcome.

Personally, I see no earthly reason to doubt the correctness of the view of that learned authority, Mr. George Horowitz, B.Sc., that certain strains of Alsatians do contain wolf blood. I also agree with the eminent French authority, M. Paul Mégnin, that modern breeders and exhibitors will find it worth while to turn down and avoid the individuals in whom the wolf characteristics are marked. But I see no need to be frightened by names and labels, and am not more appealed to by the suggestion that we should "eliminate the word 'wolf' from the name of the Alsatian," than by terror of the name by which we first knew him, of "German Sheep Dog." He indubitably was a German Sheep Dog, and in that capacity earned the highest esteem in the countries of his origin; albeit, in that particular capacity at all events, he never equalled the best English Sheepdogs, and never would appeal to our shepherds as do the inimitably kindly, clever, and sagacious native competitors in our Sheepdog Trials.

Being the fine, alert, strikingly handsome fellow that he is, and having achieved the brilliant vogue that he has now on both sides of the Atlantic, there can be no need for camouflage or for hair-splitting over nomenclature, where the Alsatian is concerned. He may safely be allowed to stand, as he so erectly does, on the fore part of his own four feet, without adventitious aids or apologia.

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The Pearl Caste

THE MADNESS OF LONDON

BY H. DENNIS BRADLEY.

LONDON is the most wonderful city in the world, and but for the imbecility of its legislators could treble its prosperity in a decade.

The secret of success is attraction. London has every facility to become the gayest and most alluring of capitals, but since the war it has been ruled by a disgusting hypocrisy designed to ruin its charms.

London is the most heavily taxed metropolis of the world, and yet our fool legislators persist in thwarting the progress by which the iniquitous taxes they impose can be paid.

This is a material world, and, of necessity, we are all salesmen, whether we sell art, literature, trousers, amusements, or pearls for swine to bait loved ones.

London is the great market place of the world, and to increase its prosperity and pay its taxes it must attract the wealthy travellers of the world.

Why, then, does every boat coming to England from America, when it stops at Cherbourg, shed, not half, but three-quarters of its wealthy passengers? Because the French are cute enough to make Paris attractive in order that the wealth may be spent there.

By our petty restrictions of personal liberty we drive visitors away from London. This seems perfectly mad, but perhaps it is our generous method of giving Paris reparations—for the lives or money we spent in France.

The life of London—the metropolis of the world—can be made infinitely more interesting than the tawdry and fetid "side-show" life of Paris—more entertaining and more cleanly. But directly night clubs and cabarets are open the police are inspired to close them, whilst to order a brandy and soda, or a pint of champagne, after some absurd schoolboy-hour is made a serious crime!

Freed from the petty restrictions of narrow-minded nincompoops, London could easily outvie Paris. Gaiety is vice only to vicious fanatics. Only fools and discredited politicians get drunk.

* * * * * *

One thing Paris misses. It can't make men's clothes. The cut is ludicrous. Americans buy their clothes at Pope and Bradley's but wear them more often in Paris. Lounge Suits from £9 9s. 0d. Dinner Suits from £14 14s. 0d. Dress Suits from £16 16s. 0d. Riding Breeches from £4 14s. 6d. Overcoats from £7 7s. 0d.

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For the first time, too, Master Musicians have recognised the significance of the development and pay notable tribute to the New COLUMBIA as the greatest gramophone advance yet.

SIR HENRY J. WOOD says:—"I consider this instrument the greatest contribution to the advancement of music since the original invention of the gramophone itself."

Blended—to cause no harm to the throat

De Reszke CIGARETTES

"Unique—like the De Reszke voice"

TENOR (TURKISH)		AMERICAN (VIRGINIA)	
10	1/3½	10	10d
25	3/2	25	2/1
50	6/1	50	4/2
100	11/9	100	8/2

EGYPTIAN Blend

20 for 2/- 50 5/- 100 10/-

BRITISH EMPIRE EXHIBITION

A welcome awaits you at our stand in the Palace of Industry, about which **H.M the KING** on his recent visit, was pleased to remark *"De Reszke—Very Nice!"*

Sole Manufacturers:
J. MILLHOFF & CO. LTD., 86 Piccadilly, London, W.1

So Refreshing!

For over 60 years it has had the recommendation of the MEDICAL PROFESSION

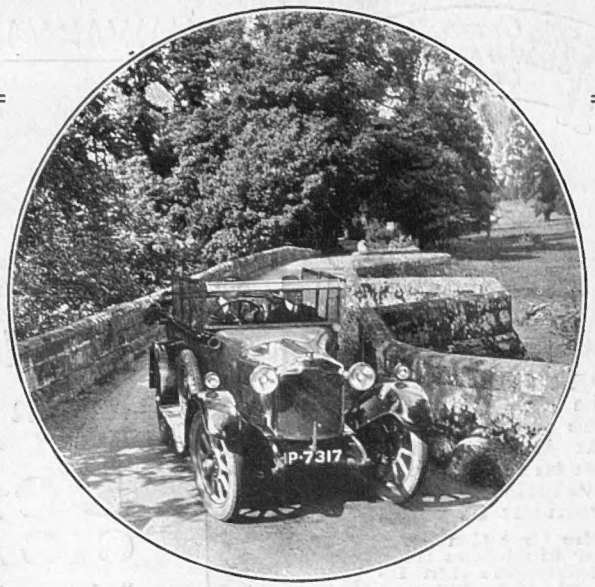
Dr. H. J. Hardwicke, Physician to the Sheffield Public Hospital for Diseases of the Skin, says: "I consider Wright's Coal Tar Soap by far the best preparation of the kind that I have ever met with. I have ordered it in many severe cases of chronic skin diseases with the most beneficial results, and strongly recommend its continued use in all cases of skin affection requiring stimulation. In many scaly eruptions of the skin it acts like a charm; and in order to derive real and permanent benefit from its stimulating properties, a somewhat protracted use of the soap is imperatively necessary. In those cases where the soap has not been found so curative as was expected, I have invariably traced the cause of failure to insufficient or irregular use."

The Ideal Soap for TOILET and NURSERY Use

PROTECTS FROM INFECTION

6d. per tablet; Box of 3 tablets, 1/6 BATH TABLETS, 10d. per tablet; Box of 3 tablets, 2/6

MOTOR NOTES



PICTURESQUE, BUT—

A 14 h.p. Rover car crossing the old stone bridge leading to Stoneleigh Deer Park, on the Coventry-Leamington road. We are told on excellent authority that "a thing of beauty is a joy for ever," but as this beautiful old bridge can only accommodate one line of traffic, in times of congestion the waiting motorist would hardly call it "a *joy* for ever"

As the motor trade is developing trade union tendencies among the owners of showrooms and garages, I should not be astonished if motorists were not held up one fine day by another "shop" strike. Anyway, Messrs. Rotax Motor Accessories, Ltd., knowing how little the average garage man kens about the electrical equipment on your car, have added two more links to the chain of official service agents they are appointing throughout the country. One is Messrs. Rock Thorpe and Watson of 62, Grosvenor Road, Tunbridge Wells, while the other is Messrs. Spauls, Ltd., of Castle Hill, Norwich, both firms specialising in the Rotax lighting and starting equipments, and carrying a stock of spare batteries, parts, etc. for renewals. Therefore if you find yourself in either neighbourhood and the lighting sets fail, these are the people who ought to be able to put it right, whether it be a jammed bendix drive or a burnt-out condenser.

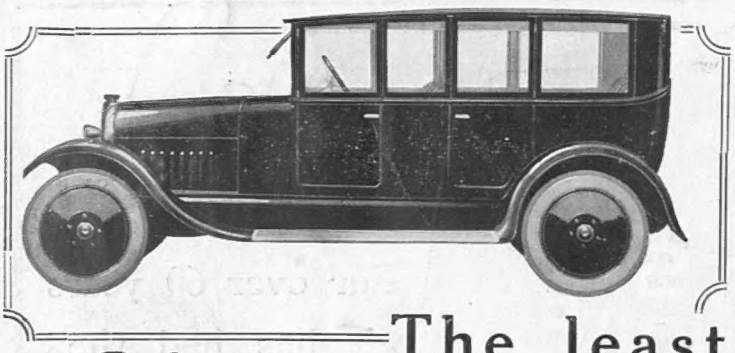
* * *

The Dunlop Tyre Company is doing excellent propaganda work in the useful little folders they are circulating among motorists, informing them how much money is spent on foreign tyres each year and the loss to our own workpeople. Also it shows how Dunlop cord tyres give you longer mileage. As there are no better tyres than our British ones it only seems reasonable to give our own folk the orders and help to reduce the number of unemployed. At the present moment there is a scheme in preparation that motor agents should only stock British cars and British tyres, and not to take agencies for various other nationalities as well. Whether it will succeed remains to be seen, but anything that will make the British car manufacturers pull together in the same boat will ultimately benefit the industry in particular and the public in general.

* * *

Sales promotion departments are very busy trying to get the best out of the present selling season before the world and his wife goes to Goodwood and ceases to trifle at Wembley. That busy corporation, Dodge Bros. (Britain), Ltd., has put up for the benefit of the passer-by a sectioned chassis in their Grafton Street showrooms. Nothing pleases grown-up folks more than to look at "how the wheels go round," and this sectioned chassis draws the crowd in, to be nicely talked to by the urbane young salesmen in the shop. Also on Monday evenings at 7 p.m. anybody can send their chauffeurs to hear the explanation of "how and why" of all the various parts, in a lecture which, like all these instructional talks, is given free. One can never learn too much about the inside of cars, and no doubt many will take advantage of this opportunity to gather further wisdom on the Dodge chassis.

OLD HY.



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SALOON-LIMOUSINE
(5-Seater)

The glass windows between front and rear passengers may be lowered out of sight, thus instantly converting the Limousine into a Saloon or vice versa, as may be required. An ideal car for the owner who employs a chauffeur but on occasions drives himself.

£490

The least expensive luxury car

"The chassis specification includes a four-speed gear-box while the bodywork is roomy, comfortable and exceedingly well finished. The floors are well carpeted and Bedford cord upholstery is the material normally used. It is a thoroughly serviceable and very handsome car."

John S. Napier

Full-sized cars at small car prices:

Cubitt Two-Seater	Cubitt 5-Seater	Cubitt 5-Seater Tourer de luxe	Cubitt 5-Seater Landaulette
£310	£325	£335	£515

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